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Saturday Review

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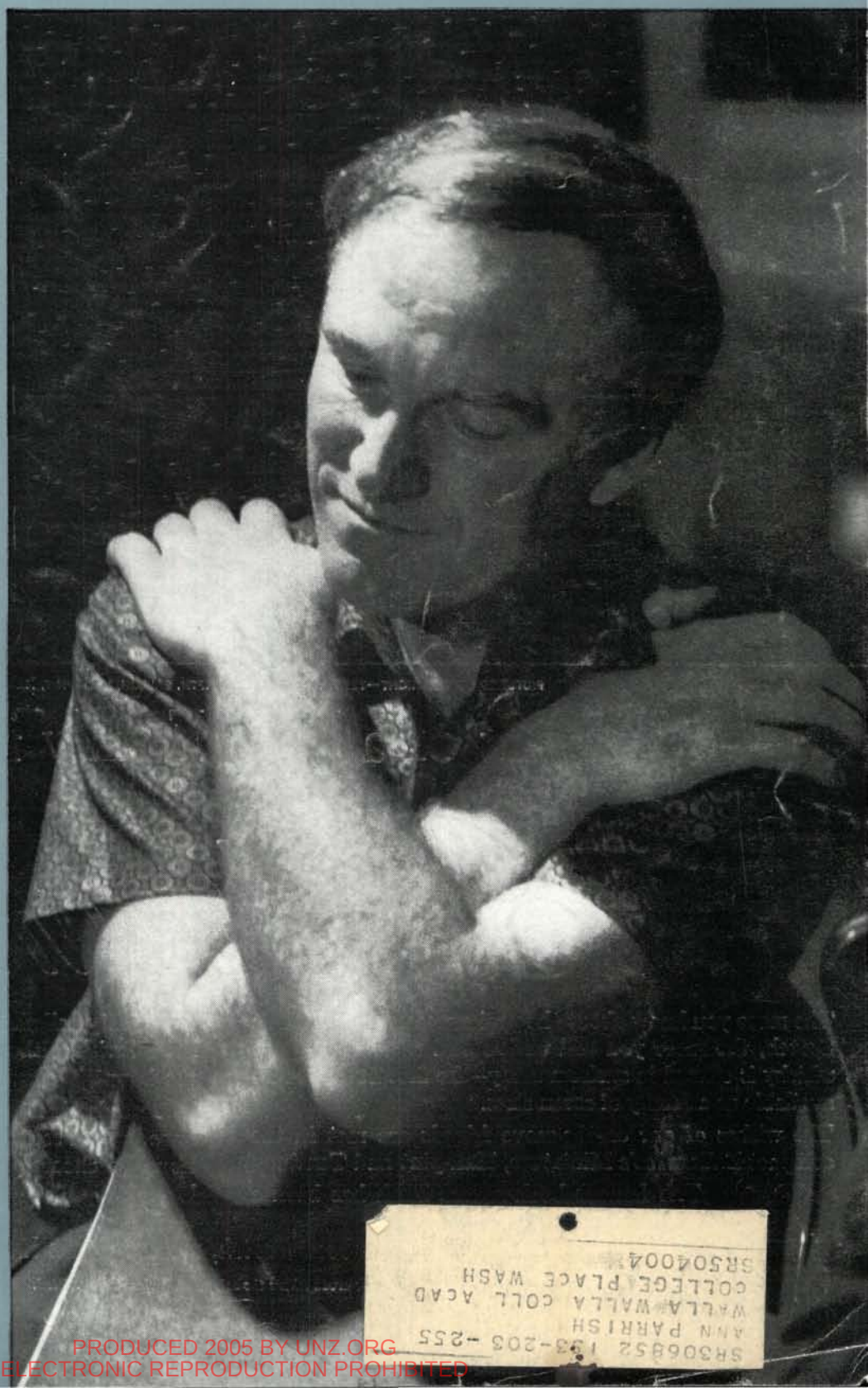
RECORDINGS

OUR TONGUE-TIED GENERATION

By Jacob Ornstein

REQUIEM FOR A LITERARY HAVEN

By Archibald MacLeish



Sviatoslav Richter, pianist from the USSR, listening to a playback of his first American recording. (See Recordings)

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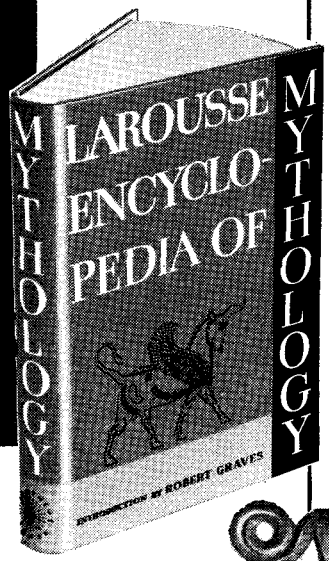

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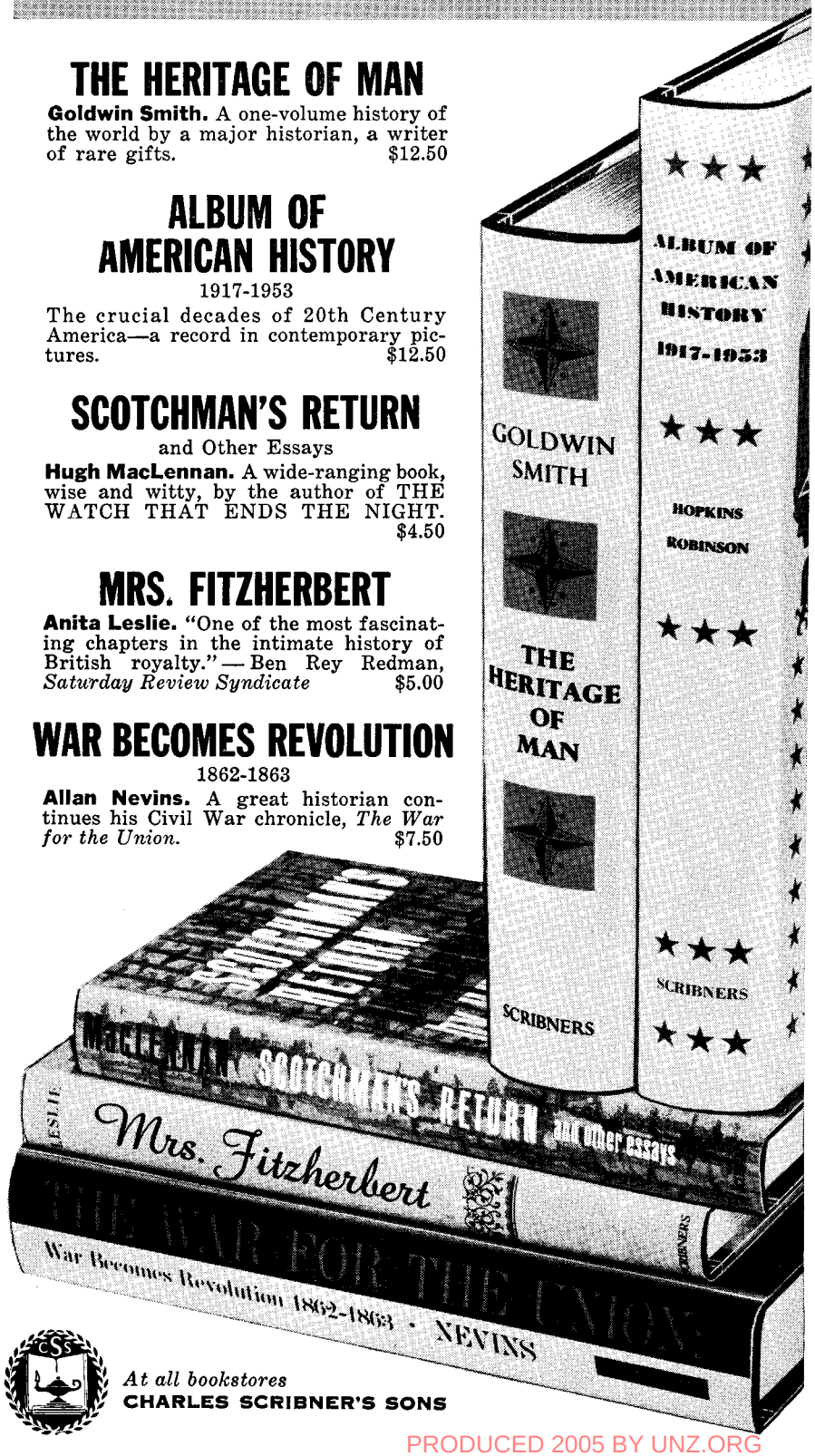

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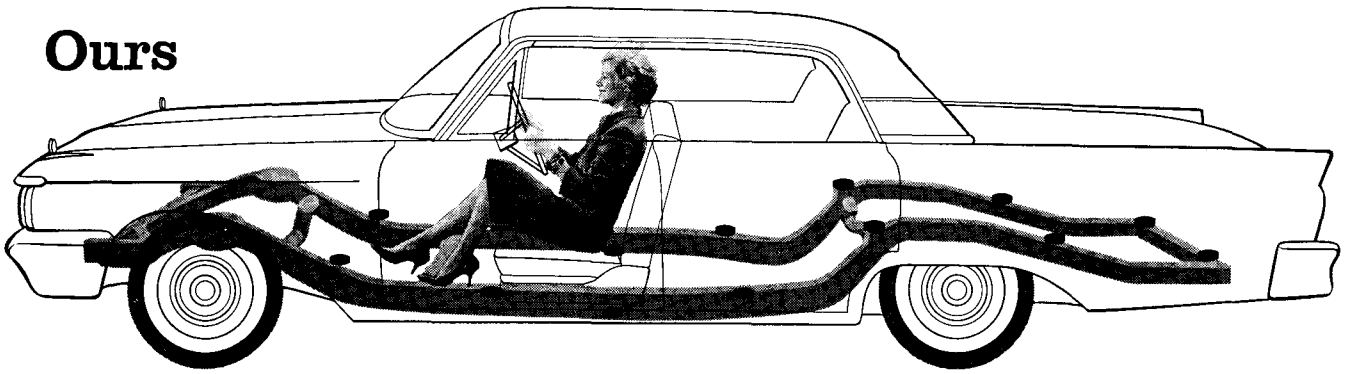

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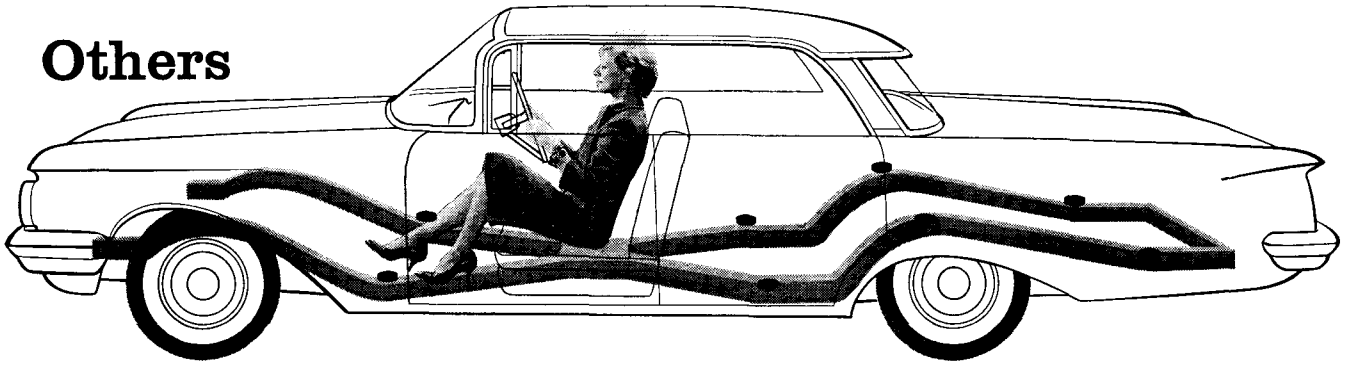

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TRADE Winds

UNDER THE GUISE of nonsense humor George Kirgo has written, and Simon and Schuster has published, a colossal satire on book publishing. I'll admit the book is funny. But it so devastatingly ridicules the books that are published that I am inclined to view it as a serious work.

The important part of the title—which is so long that it doesn't fit on the front cover—is "How to Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now—In Your Spare Time. . . ." One of the best-sellers you can write is dealt with in the chapter entitled "Indecent Exposure." Writing your autobiography, the author points out, is the smart thing to do.

"They're sagas of sin, sung by the sinners themselves," Kirgo writes. "Madams, murderers, alcoholics, rapists, con-men, drug addicts—these are our new literary lions. Faulkner? Just a Nobel Prize-winning sissy compared to Polly Adler. And if Erskine Caldwell really wants to know about the seamy side of life, why doesn't he come up north and talk to Lillian Ross?

"It's the same with magazines. Even those sweet movie-fan magazines are different. Gone are articles like 'How I Keep Myself Dainty' by Broderick Crawford. In their place you'll discover uninhibited revelations, such as the one written by Lassie—'I *Wanted* to Be a *Bitch*!' "

Kirgo makes it quite clear that even if you are not a former alcoholic or drug addict, you are not beyond redemption. Even if you've never sinned at all, you can still be saved. If you have a spotless past, he says, relax. "I'm going to show you how to write a best-selling autobiography *even though you've never experienced an iota of honest degradation!*" And he does that.

AS AN EXAMPLE of the stories that are the current rage in Paris, Art Buchwald told us this one when he was in New York on a visit recently. A space ship landed in the city streets and a Martian stepped out. He found that he had stopped next to a parking meter. The Martian stared at it for a moment, and then turned to a passer-by and asked,

"Say, d'ya happen to have two glubs for a mock?"

ONE OF THE nicest books I've read in a long time is "The Ante-Room," by Lovat Dickson (Atheneum). It is an autobiography of the first half of the life of the English publisher. He starts out at age four, and seems to have a pretty good memory, considering how long ago that was.

"I do have a remarkable memory for what happened to me during the early years of my life," he explained to me, "but I'm not apt to be so good on events since 1940. I have often tried

to think what took place in 1940 that caused this, and I now believe it has something to do with what happened when I sent my wife and infant son off to Canada while I stayed in London waiting to be called up."

The author Charles Morgan was in the same predicament, and the two fellows holed up in the Morgan residence while the bombs fell and they waited for their call to arms. Morgan's late father had been an important industrialist who had turned teetotaler during World War I after King George had requested it of his people as a war measure. Mr. Morgan remained in this condition the rest of his life, but he was in a position where he received many gifts of champagne, fine wines, and whiskies. For twenty-five years he simply stored them in the cellar of his London home.

In 1940, young Morgan and Dickson, rummaging around the house which the father had lived in, ran across this hoard. With the fatalistic feeling that went with the times, they envisioned Nazi bombs getting them or the precious cargo, and they set about diminishing the stock before anything like that could take place. Mr. Dickson says his memory has been weak ever since.

WHEN SHE WAS sixteen years old, Elizabeth Daniels Squire took up hand-reading, she says, because she was shy. Her hobby allowed her to talk to boys about the subject that interested them the most—themselves—and she not only made a hit with them but now, some years later, she reads palms and hands so knowledgeably that she makes a

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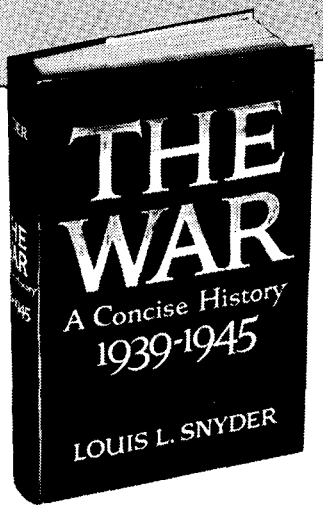

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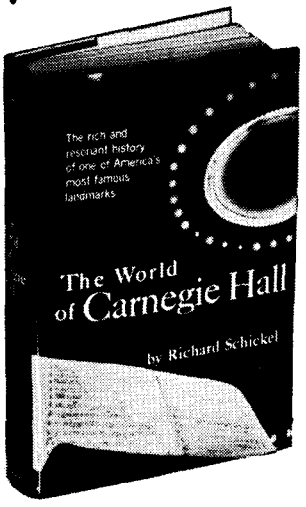

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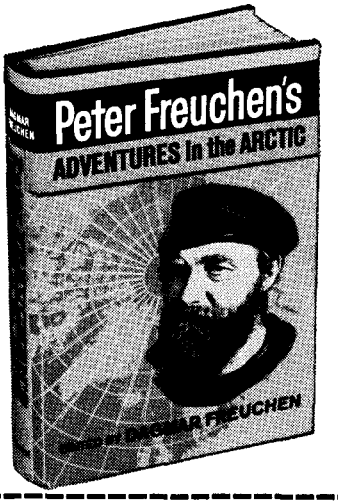

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—Gilbert Highet, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

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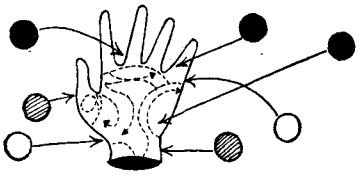
ALFRED A. KNOPF *Publisher of Borzoi Books*

living at it, writing a syndicated column, stories, and books. Her new "Fortune in Your Hands" (Fleet) is a charming and informative book. As a matter of fact, I believe you could become rather expert at palmistry yourself after studying it. At the same time, you could see what Mrs. Squire has to say about such people as Sandburg, Alexander King, Wayne Morse, and Eleanor Roosevelt after reading their hands. The book is replete with illustrations and drawings which will lead you to look at a person's mitt and decide whether he or she is stubborn, swashbuckling, brave, unimaginative, understanding, irritable, stupid, loving, etc.

Whether or not you should read people's palms out loud is a problem. Mrs. Squire's own hand must indicate she's



tactful, for I am told that Vance Packard's hand is used as an example in the book, but it isn't identified as his. Maybe it shows he's wasteful.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Nothing has been overlooked. Among the many instructions in a master air-raid manual available in Washington is this: "All funeral coaches must pull to the curb and stop when the siren sounds, although the occupants are not required to seek shelter."

► The Book Stall in Portland, Oregon, receiving a striking cardboard cutout picture of Zsa Zsa Gabor to be used in displaying the new book about her. The cut-out came from World, the publishers, and it was wrapped in 128 page sheets of the Bible.

► The owner of a spice factory, told by his physician that he'd have to slow down, protested: "But, Doc, thyme is money." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1391)

Robert Herrick:
A THANKSGIVING
(FOR HIS HOUSE)

Lord, thou has given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell; . . .
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land: . . .
I should render for my part
A thankful heart.
But the acceptance—that must be
O Lord, by thee.

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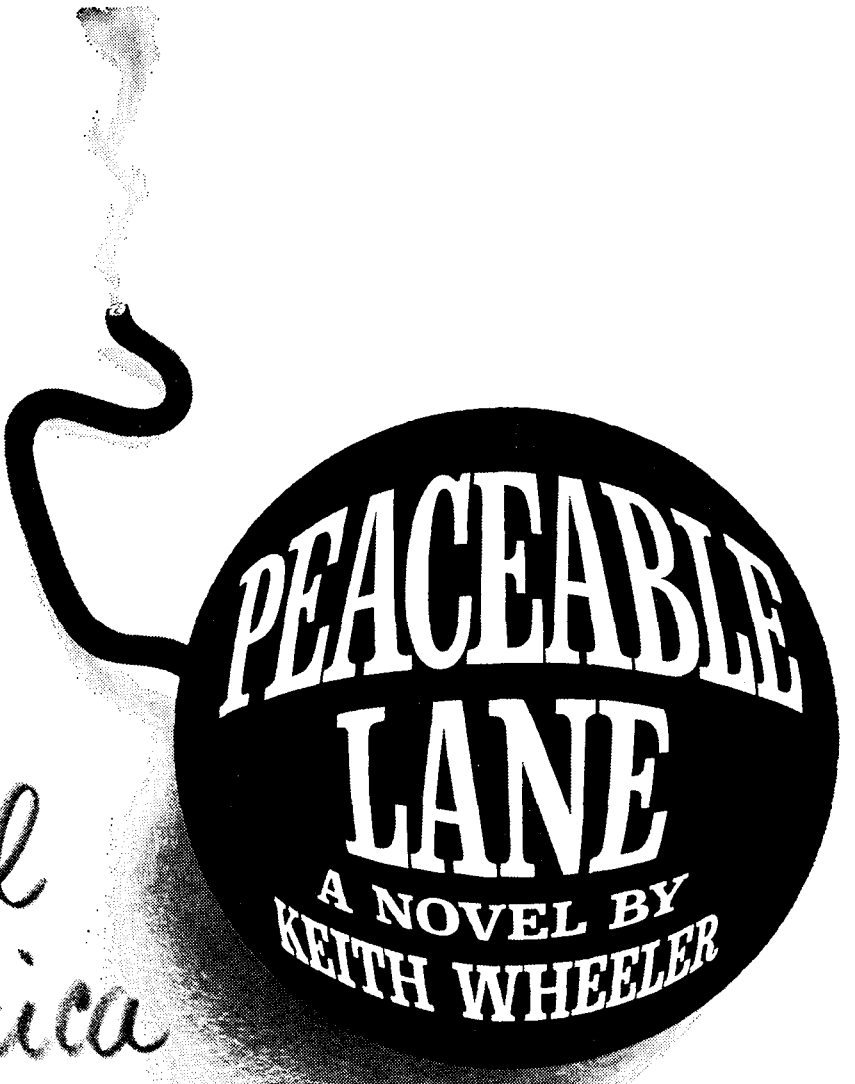

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Polling Post-Mortem

By ELMO ROPER

THE 1960 elections were a pollster's nightmare—followed by a feeling of intense satisfaction over what seems to us to be a rather good vindication of their usefulness in the election process. In the face of widespread newspaper, news-magazine, and radio predictions of an enormous Kennedy landslide, both major polls—ours and George Gallup's—kept saying, over and over again, "Hold up there; it isn't that easy. This is the most volatile and hard-to-predict election we've ever seen—and it could go either way." Kennedy's .2 per cent lead as this is written would seem to confirm that statement; and there are signs it may go lower than that.

Never since the start of scientific polling has so difficult, so volatile an election been encountered. True, 1948 surprised us, but it wouldn't have if we'd kept our fingers on the public's pulse until the end of the campaign. This time we did just that, but we discovered a pulse so jumpy and erratic that up until the weekend before the election there was no way of telling which way the popular Presidential vote would go. Indecision has never been so high; right through the last pre-election weekend, the undecided vote had the power to determine the outcome.

How did the campaign develop? What were the crucial issues? How did the public see the candidates at the beginning and end of the election weeks?

When the campaign began, Nixon had a modest but nevertheless distinct lead over Kennedy in three regions of the country; Kennedy was ahead only in the South. Nixon's support rested basically on, first, his experience as Vice President, and, second, on a rather widespread belief in his competence in foreign affairs. While the lesser-known Kennedy was considered more personally attractive than Nixon, his chief strength lay in his identification with the domestic policies of the Democratic Party. But this domestic strength was no match—at least in early September—for Nixon's strength in what the public considered the more crucial area of foreign affairs.

However, as the campaign wore on, the public warmed considerably to Kennedy, while Nixon's support remained relatively stable. More people picked Kennedy than Nixon as the winner of the TV debates; there was an increase in the number of people praising Kennedy's personal qualities and expressing support for his policies; and, in general, the quality of Kennedy's support had increased in intensity by late October.

Here are the favorable qualities attributed to the two men early and later in the campaign:

	% in September	% in mid-October
Kennedy		
A very intelligent man	53	60
Attractive personality	51	49
Honest and sincere	44	48
Good experience for the job	25	33
Can handle politicians	30	30
A real statesman	25	28
Inspires confidence	23	28
Nixon		
Good experience for the job	61	59
A very intelligent man	54	53
Honest and sincere	44	44
Attractive personality	36	34
A real statesman	31	32
Can handle politicians	33	30
Inspires confidence	27	29

Note that at the end of the campaign (as at the beginning) neither man inspired confidence among a substantial portion of the electorate.

Here are the crucial campaign issues as they appeared to the public in early September and late October:

September
1. Foreign policy
2. Civil rights, integration
3. Religion
4. Farm problems
5. Problems of the aged

October
1. Foreign policy
2. Civil rights, integration
3. Prosperity, the country's economy, government spending
4. Farm problems
5. Religion

On foreign policy, most people wanted a tough policy toward Russia—even

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if it meant taking some risks. On civil rights, a majority wanted no further civil rights legislation at the present time, but thought we should "proceed slowly until we have worked out the problems resulting from the laws already passed." On farm policy, more people thought agricultural price supports should be reduced than wanted them strengthened. On labor unions, most people thought labor legislation hadn't gone far enough in restricting the activities of unions.

Between early September and late October, Kennedy's support increased by about five percentage points on most domestic issues; Nixon's backing remained stable. The impact of heated campaign discussions of foreign issues was harder to weigh; after the debates, belief in Kennedy's ability to handle foreign affairs went up by eight percentage points, but so did belief in Nixon's ability to keep the peace. After the statements by both on Cuba, the public's confidence in Kennedy's ability to "deal with South America and the Latin Americans" jumped, while Nixon's support on the same issue increased only slightly. But when asked who scored higher in the discussion of Quemoy and Matsu, more people said Nixon than Kennedy, and quite a few thought neither handled the issue very well. On the question of America's prestige, the public did not go along with the idea that we'd never been more highly regarded. Only 14 per cent took that view, while 35 per cent said we had held our own and 38 per cent said we had slipped more than was necessary in the world's esteem.

The campaign was plagued throughout by the issue of religion. Declared an improper issue by both candidates, religion was nevertheless revealed by the September polls to be affecting the votes of Protestants and Catholics alike. Over the course of the campaign the impact of religion seemed to lessen, and late polls showed a slight increase in Catholics intending to vote for Nixon and of Protestants supporting Kennedy. Asked explicitly about the religious issue, 54 per cent in September said they thought religion should have no importance in an election campaign; by late October, that figure had risen to 61 per cent.

One thing is certain. If there was a net victim of religious prejudice it was Nixon more than Kennedy. All but one of the states most heavily populated by Catholics went for Kennedy. Only one of the states most heavily populated by Protestants went for Nixon.

This brings into sharp focus the fact that the term "religious bigot" has come to mean to liberals a White Protestant who doesn't like Catholics or Jews. Perhaps the concept, political-

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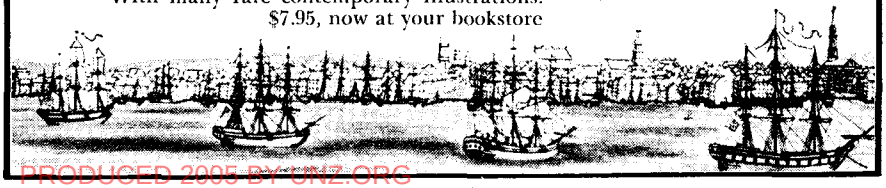

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ly, can now be broadened to include anybody of *any* religious faith who votes for a coreligionist largely because he is a coreligionist.

Certain it is, from our polls and from actual voting on November 8, that Catholics thought Kennedy better than Nixon by someplace between a three-to-one and a four-to-one margin. Jews thought Kennedy better than Nixon by a five-to-one majority. Protestants, on the other hand, leaned to Nixon by a two-to-one majority in September and by a somewhat smaller margin in late October. To leave the field of religious groups, Negroes reported they intended to vote for Kennedy by about a two-to-one majority.

Geographically, where did each candidate derive his support? Regionally, surveys—confirmed by the final election—showed Nixon in the lead in the Midwest and Far West throughout the campaign. Early Kennedy support in the South diminished for a time and then rose again as Lyndon Johnson stepped up his campaign. The Northeast shifted strongly from Nixon to Kennedy between September and October.

Preference for the two candidates depended strongly on the age of the voter. The younger the voter, the more likely he was to favor Kennedy.

Voting by economic level followed the traditional Republican-Democratic pattern; but people in the lowest economic level became dramatically more pro-Kennedy over the campaign weeks, and people in the highest economic levels, while continuing to favor Nixon, did so by a smaller margin at the end than at the beginning of the campaign.

Kennedy's strength was concentrated in urban centers; in cities of more than 250,000 population, sentiment ran for him almost two to one. Rural areas were strong for Nixon; towns of intermediate size varied somewhat but tended to support Nixon.

One interesting development observed during the campaign was the increasing polarization of the voting pattern of men and women. Despite reports of Kennedy's appeal to women in his audiences, men increasingly favored Kennedy and women increasingly favored Nixon.

Here, for the record, are the fluctuations of our polls over the two-month period of the campaign:

	Early Sept.	Late October (with "leaners" allocated)	Early Nov.	Early November (with the undecided vote allocated)
	%	%	%	%
Nixon	46	47½	49	51
Kennedy	43	48½	47	49
Don't know or refused	11	4	4	

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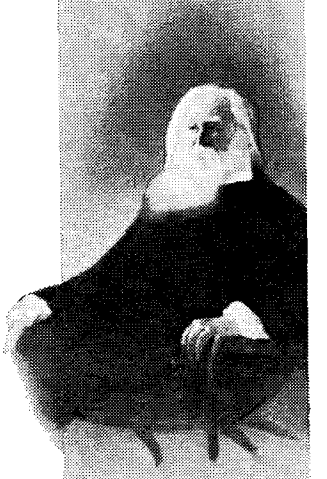

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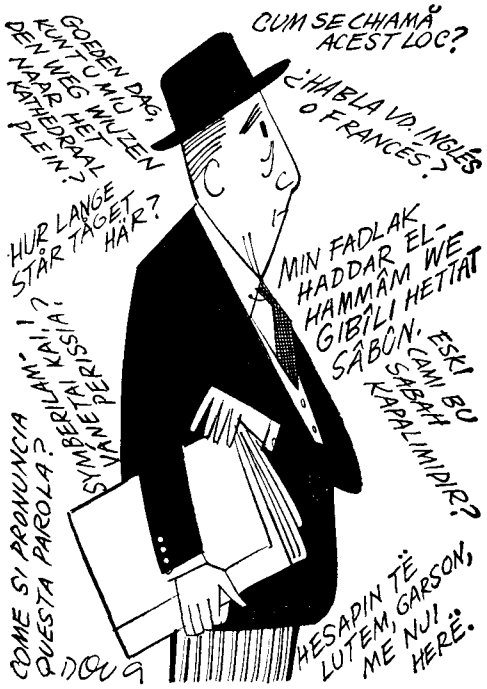
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OUR TONGUE-TIED GENERATION

By JACOB ORNSTEIN, *a language specialist on the staff of the Department of Agriculture's Graduate School in Washington, D.C. Dr. Ornstein, who speaks seven languages and reads many more, has written widely on problems of language in a shrinking world.*

AT A RECENT forty-nation educational conference, the Egyptian delegate rose to deliver an address in impeccable English. From this he switched to fluent French. Upon returning to his hotel, he dictated a report to his secretary in his native Arabic. The United States was represented by five persons, each with about twenty years of schooling and all possessing the Ph.D. degree. Yet not one of these educational leaders could carry on even an informal conversation in any foreign tongue, least of all deliver a speech in French, German, Spanish, or Arabic. Once more, America's chronic neglect of languages had been made painfully clear.

Despite the millions expended by the United States in various types of foreign aid and technical assistance, it is well known that Americans are viewed with suspicion and dislike in many regions of the world that have every reason to be friendly toward us. And I am convinced that a significant portion of this anti-American sentiment can be attributed to our language curtain. More effectively and destructively than tightly sealed borders or international red tape, this barrier prevents Americans from communicating adequately both on the diplomatic and on the person-to-person level with other peoples of the world.

The late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, speaking of this problem, once described its seriousness in this way: "The United States carries new responsibilities in many quarters of the globe, and we are at a serious disadvantage because of the difficulty of finding persons who can deal with the foreign language problem. Interpreters are no substitute." And a few years ago, while he was U. S. Commissioner of Education, Samuel N. Brownell declared, "We are in a period of history when America's role—even her survival—depends on American knowledge and understanding of people everywhere, knowledge of their mother tongues and understanding of their native ways." What was true then is even truer now.

In a series of articles not long ago in *The New York Times,* James Reston discussed the linguistic competence of American envoys assigned to embassies and legations abroad. He came to the conclusion that the language lack was greatest in the Eastern tongues, although efforts are being made by the Foreign Service Institute's Language School to remedy this. While it would, of course, be ridiculous to claim that a knowledge of Burmese, Zulu, or Bengali would automatically assure success in the international field, the fact is that language does play an important role in overseasmanship.

Nevertheless, language barrier or not, the affairs of state must somehow be carried on—often through native interpreters. An object lesson in the pitfalls of this expedient is afforded by a case that has become legendary in Washington. When our first mission was sent to a newly created state in Southeast Asia, native translators were hired. Out of a sense of loyalty to their employers, they translated everything to sound pleasantly pro-American. But as soon as the State Department was able to train and send out language officers who could scan the press and attend the sessions of the local legislature, it was found that anti-Americanism was sweeping the country.

In addition to the booby traps set for us the world over by linguistic ignorance, the sending of tongue-tied representatives abroad puts us in an embarrassingly poor light in comparison with other major powers. A young Greek teacher, writing to United States Information Agency headquarters recently, expressed her admiration for many phases of American progress, yet voiced dismay that so few of our representatives in Greece knew the languages and customs of the country. "It is painful to admit," she comment-

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ed, "that the Russians here in Athens are far ahead of you in this regard. The ambassador and the first secretary, as well as the cultural attaché, all speak Greek fluently. They are frequently seen at cultural events. What is more, they attend the theatre and go backstage to carry on long discussions on drama and the arts with the actors."

Not only in Greece, but also in every other part of the globe, the Communists are showing growing concern with the linguistic aspects of international communication. The signs of this are everywhere. A few years ago, when the Soviet mission arrived in the new state of Libya, it had fourteen Arabic-speaking officers. Our mission had one such man—who was, incidentally, reassigned shortly thereafter to a post in the non-Moslem world. There is probably no government that pays so much attention as the Soviet Union to the thorough grounding of its foreign representatives in the languages and backgrounds of other lands. Its diplomatic personnel are expected to master the language of the country of their specialization, as well as one or two secondary tongues of the area.

The importance accorded language study in the Soviet Union is as great as that of Marxism-Leninism or science and technology. Young Russians start studying foreign languages at the age of twelve, and in some elementary schools children of eight learn their three Rs to a large extent in English. If a Soviet youngster attends the ten-year *srednyaya shkola* school, corresponding to our secondary school, he must undergo six years of foreign language study. In the *vuz*, or higher educational institutions, three more years of a foreign language are usually required.

Young Soviet scientists are expected to learn to read several foreign languages, and great stress is laid on English. Indeed, it can safely be estimated that about 10,000,000 Russians of all ages are studying English. By contrast, a survey of Russian studies made by this writer showed that in 1955-56, out of our 1,800 or so colleges, only about 165 were teaching Russian—and to a total of less than 5,000 students. And the number of universities or higher institutions offering such key languages as Arabic, Chinese, and Hindi is of course even smaller.

THE Communists appreciate fully the force of language as an instrument of indoctrination. The leaders of Moscow's European satellites are forcing about 5,000,000 of their students to learn Russian in order to weaken Western influence behind the Iron Curtain. In addition, about 800,000 adults are being pressured into "volunteering" to join study groups designed to promote Soviet friendship by means of lectures, exhibits, and language study. It is noteworthy that in each of the major post-Stalinist rebellions in East Germany, Poland, and Hungary, one of the principle demands vis-à-vis the Soviets was the elimination of the compulsory Russian study requirement.

These intensive linguistic efforts are reinforced by the steady stream of cultural missions dispatched by Moscow and Peking to the most remote corners of the earth. For example, not long ago Chou En-lai journeyed to Cambodia, where he spoke of the undying friendship of Peking for that land, and of the virtues of Communism. His visit was followed by that of a Chinese soccer team, which played before capacity audiences. After this came a cultural mission, composed of fifty-six boys and girls for a three-week stand of songs and dances. Following each performance a free party was given at which agitators did their part verbally and propaganda materials written in excellent Cambodian were distributed.

In the struggle for the minds of men there are still a number of uncommitted nations. Moscow and Peking are showing the world that words may be far more effective than bombs. An unending stream of missions issues almost daily from those two capitals, made up of expert linguists prepared to harangue the peoples of the world in their own languages and dialects about the evils of Western imperialism and the merits of Communism. The disconcerting tendency of former neutrals to ally themselves with the Sino-Soviet bloc shows that their efforts are not entirely in vain.

How do we stack up in the war of words? It must be admitted that we are outclassed when it comes to employing the ordnance of foreign idioms. Underprepared in the common West European tongues, we are at a far greater loss when it comes to the Eastern languages. The magnitude of the linguistic communication problem can be fully grasped only when one considers the multiplicity of tongues spoken on the globe.

WHETHER we like it or not, the world today is a far more formidable Tower of Babel than it was during the days of the Old Testament. There are some 3,000 languages in the world, and their number is increasing steadily. New nationalisms continue to elevate obscure dialects to full official status. Since the end of the last war a great number of sovereign states have been born. Compounding the difficulties caused by the multiplicity of idioms is the problem of illiteracy. It is seldom realized that fully half the world's population can neither read nor write. This means that communication with these people is possible only through the spoken idiom—precisely the area in which America is weakest.

Still another corollary to the language problem exists. It is the need for the understanding—not necessarily the acceptance—of foreign cultures. Many of the frictions in today's world, and the latent hostilities that explode into violence from time to time, result from a lack of knowledge about other people's value and concepts. Prem Kirpal, Indian educator and former

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assistant director of the Department of Cultural Activities of UNESCO, recently summarized the problem as follows: "The Eastern nations feel that many contemporary clashes between Asia and the West would be less sharp if the Western world understood the culture out of which Asian nations arise. Asian nations also have a distorted view of the Western powers. This distortion results because scientific and technological knowledge flows to Asia without the cushioning of cultural understanding to help bridge the gap between the nations." Few thinking Americans will deny that Kipling's "Never the twain shall meet" is a concept which we can ill afford to endorse today.

Unfortunately, our educational system has in the past done little to teach the history and background of any area except Western Europe, from which our own culture stems. According to the Conference on Asian Affairs, over 40 per cent of our colleges almost completely neglect the Near and Far East. Agnes E. Meyer, Washington writer and lecturer, addressing a recent convention of the Modern Language Association, advised scholars and linguists to go beyond the borders of the "European-centered humanistic tradition" and interest themselves "in the facts of Islamic, Byzantine, Russian, Indian, and Chinese civilizations and their implications."

The question inevitably arises: Why is America, of all the great nations, the most backward linguistically? Part of the explanation lies in the special conditions of the development of our nation, which until recently was a pioneer country, necessarily more occupied with building its own structures than with assuming obligations abroad. Geography also played a part; the oceans were long regarded as impregnable barriers securing us from attack. During and after World War I powerful currents of xenophobia and isolationism dealt serious blows to language study. The *coup de grâce* was given by ultra-progressive educational theorists who considered languages as frills, impractical for most Americans, few of whom would ever leave their native shores. Language study was reduced to the merest whisper.

Pearl Harbor awakened us with a jolt. Over 11,000,000 men and women left the continental United States to serve in lands where their linguistic ineptitude caused thorny problems with friend and foe alike. In desperation, the armed forces scrambled to set up intensive language programs in over thirty languages, so that GIs would not be entirely tongue-tied overseas.

Following the war, these GIs, who had more than once had occasion to condemn their lack of linguistic firepower, returned as the most ardent enthusiasts of foreign language study that our schools have ever known.

Since 1945 substantial progress has been made toward mending our linguistic fences. The armed forces and the government, aided by the foundations, have been at the forefront of this movement. The Army Language School at Monterey, California, now offers intensive instruction in twenty-eight Western and Eastern languages. The Navy Language School at Anacostia, in Washington, provides instruction in six major tongues. The State Department's Foreign Service Institute is equipped to teach some thirty languages, and is expanding its courses on foreign countries. Other government agencies have also decided to solve their needs by setting up special language and area training programs.

ALTHOUGH these are encouraging signs, it is clear that America still lags seriously in the preparation of trained personnel adequate to handle our language needs. The Soviets, meanwhile, are letting no grass grow under their feet. They have already set up a special institute for African studies, associated with the Academy of Sciences. They have undertaken an ambitious program of publishing texts and dictionaries in some eighty Eastern languages, including Tibetan, Chinese, Cambodian, Mongolian, Hebrew, Korean, Baluchi, Pashto, and Arabic.

Sputnik jolted Americans out of their apathy, not only toward science and mathematics teaching but also toward language training. The National Defense Education Act, passed by the 85th Congress, authorized over $700 million for a four-year emergency program to improve teaching resources in these three fields. A number of projects have already been set up under the auspices of the Defense Act, and are administered by the Commissioner of Education. There is reason to expect an amelioration of the language picture, particularly as regards our capabilities in the "exotic" but important tongues.

Congressional action and appropriations, no matter how helpful, will still not provide a lasting solution to our linguistic communication problems. What is needed is a change in our attitude toward the role of foreign languages, and the development of a realistic program geared to meet language requirements for today's world of rapid communications and global commitments.

The starting point for a practical program might well be the establishment of a permanent National Language and Area Coordinating Council, possibly within the framework of the Office of Education in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Composed of leaders in the fields of government, military service, travel, foreign trade, education, and the arts, it would on a continuing basis survey language needs and recommend appropriate lines of development. At the same time, it would attempt to provide some coordination for the scores of language programs operating under government and academic auspices, which often duplicate one another needlessly.

Such a council could also serve as a clearinghouse for language and area information, available at present only

(*Continued on page* 38)

"Now, if I could just get change of a twenty . . ."

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Morality Play in Two Acts

By Granville Hicks

AFTER he has finished the first chapter or two of Sloan Wilson's **"A Sense of Values"** (Harper, $4.95), the reader knows that he is on familiar ground. Here is Nathan Bond, forty years old, making lots of money as a cartoonist, and full of dissatisfaction with himself and with the world. His marriage is on the rocks; he is worried about his health; he regards his professional future with apprehension. And just at this moment he receives disturbing news about his sixteen-year-old son.

Inevitably there is a long flashback—a very long one. Nathan tells how he met Amy Purcell when he was ten and again when he was fifteen. He tells about his father, an ineffectual clergyman and would-be writer. At eighteen, a freshman at Yale, Nathan once more encounters Amy, and this time they fall in love. The romance progresses in spite of the opposition of Amy's mother, and they are married soon after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Joining the Coast Guard, Nathan serves as an officer in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, and Wilson describes his experiences at length and with considerable vividness. Returning to civilian life, he goes into newspaper work, drives himself hard, and gets ahead. He spends five years on a slick magazine that he hates, and then by accident blunders into fame and wealth as a cartoonist. The little tramp he creates, Rollo the Magnificent, becomes a national fad, and the money pours in.

The publisher who is largely responsible for this success warns Nathan at the outset of its perils, but Nathan falls into all the traps. He drives himself harder than ever, neglecting his family even more flagrantly than before. The more money he makes, the less he saves. He is pounds overweight, and drinks too much. While he is in Hollywood, he commits adultery, and Amy at home counters with a little adultery of her own. The marriage collapses. So we come back to the present, and, after all this past turmoil, there is surprisingly something like a happy ending.

It is a readable novel, written in a literate if undistinguished style, and skilfully fashioned to move at a lively pace, but Wilson, who has always been a moralist, obviously had something more than entertainment in mind. The title, which echoes a lecture delivered to Nathan by Amy's Aunt Bettina, is intended to give us a clue. "I value the ability to accept responsibility," the old lady says, "and I value courage—courage in the face of defeat." These are virtues all right, and they are virtues that Nathan did display in the execution of his wartime duties and has not displayed in his postwar pursuit of success. It seems, however, a meager code and not particularly applicable to the situation in which Nathan and Amy find themselves. They could be as responsible and courageous as you please and still make a lot of disastrous mistakes in their marriage.

INDEED, Wilson has a way of dodging the serious problems he raises, and his happy ending is something of a fraud. Perhaps Amy and Nathan will be reunited, and perhaps they will treat their son with greater wisdom, but they have not acquired a sense of values nor have they solved the most urgent of their problems. The ending is simply intended to comfort the reader who has identified himself with Nathan or herself with Amy. They are really nice people, just as we are, and they have their problems, just as we do, but they are going to live happily ever after, just as all of us want to believe we are going to do.

"A Sense of Values" is a hefty book of more than six hundred pages. Elizabeth Spencer's **"The Light in the Piazza"** (McGraw-Hill, $3), is a novella and rather a short novella at that. But if Miss Spencer has used comparatively few words, she has made them all count. This is the way it begins:

> On a June afternoon at sunset, an American woman and her daughter fended their way along a crowded street in Florence and entered with relief the spacious Piazza della Signoria. They were tired from a day of tramping about with a guidebook, often in the sun. The cafe that faced the Palazzo Vecchio was a favorite spot for them; without discussion they sank down at an empty table. . . .
>
> Margaret Johnson, lighting a cigarette, relaxed over her apéritif and regarded the scene which she preferred before any other, anywhere. She never got enough of it and now in the clear evening light that all the shadows had gone from—the sun being blocked away by the tight bulk of the city—she looked at the splendid old palace and forgot that her feet hurt. More than that: here she could almost lose the sorrow that for so many years had been a constant of her life. Above the crenellated tower where the bells hung, a few swallows darted.

Sloan Wilson — "familiar ground."

Elizabeth Spencer — makes most of story.

The peculiar quality of Florence permeates the book, and the spirit of the city is a force in the story. Margaret Johnson's persistent sorrow arises from the fact that her daughter Clara, because of an accident, has the mentality of a child of ten, though she is in her twenties. A young Italian named Fabrizio begins to court Clara, and she responds delightedly to his attentions. Clara is an attractive girl, and Margaret has had occasion to warn many suitors, but now she temporizes. She takes Clara to Rome, but the girl is miserable. Margaret decides that Clara should marry Fabrizio and that somehow, in Italy, it is right for her to do so. She goes ahead without telling her husband, who is at home in America, and when Fabrizio's father raises the price, she pays it.

THE subtlety with which Miss Spencer makes the most of her little story reminds one of Henry James, but the spirit of the book is perhaps closer to E. M. Forster. Her moral standards tell Margaret Johnson that she should not permit the marriage of her subnormal daughter, but, in the atmosphere of Florence, she comes to feel that her kind of morality is not all-important, and at the end, as the marriage takes place, she is convinced that she has done the right thing. No harm will be done, she believes, and some happiness will be gained.

It is a small situation, but Miss Spencer's close scrutiny raises it well above triviality. She combines great artistry with what Lionel Trilling calls moral intelligence, and the result is a work that is as strong as it is delicate. This is the story of a woman who has the courage and the wisdom to re-examine her values. It will not have so many readers as Sloan Wilson's book, but to some it will give far more pleasure, both as a piece of writing and as an honest confrontation of a moral problem.

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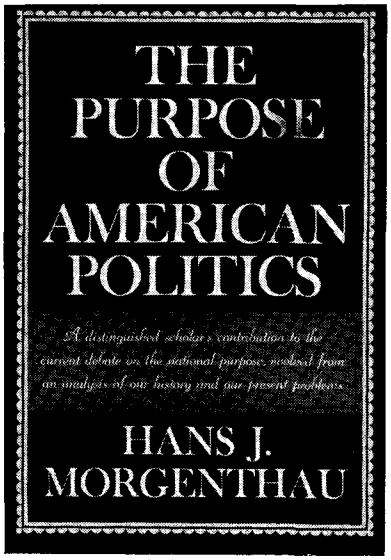
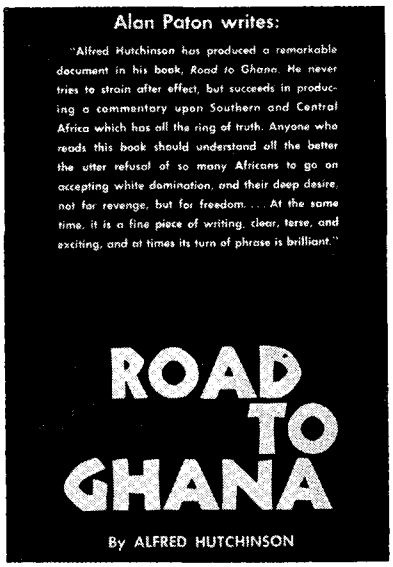
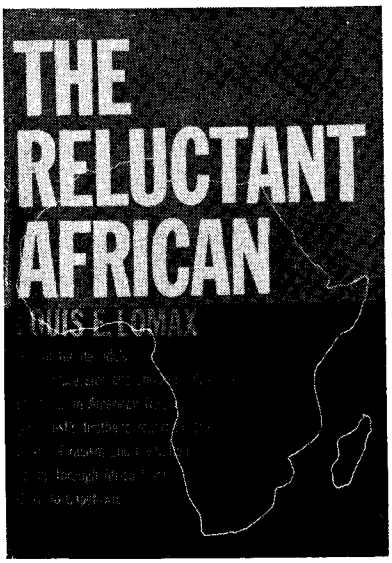
Books in the News


THE PURPOSE OF AMERICAN POLITICS
A distinguished scholar's contribution to the current debate on the national purpose, evolved from an analysis of our history and our present problems.
HANS J. MORGENTHAU


Alan Paton writes:
"Alfred Hutchinson has produced a remarkable document in his book, Road to Ghana. He never tries to strain after effect, but succeeds in producing a commentary upon Southern and Central Africa which has all the ring of truth. Anyone who reads this book should understand all the better the utter refusal of so many Africans to go on accepting white domination, and their deep desire, not for revenge, but for freedom. . . . At the same time, it is a fine piece of writing, clear, terse, and exciting, and at times its turn of phrase is brilliant."
ROAD TO GHANA
By ALFRED HUTCHINSON



Advice for the Apathetic

By C. Northcote Parkinson, *author of "Parkinson's Law" and "The Evolution of Political Thought."*

IN HIS latest book, **"The Purpose of American Politics"** (Knopf, $5), Professor Hans J. Morgenthau applies his German philosophy to the current American problem, which in his view can be stated thus: How is the United States to regain a sense of mission? He finds in American history the accepted purpose of seeking equality in freedom. Then he traces the series of events which have brought about the present crisis—the failure of the Wilsonian Crusade, the depression of 1929, the aftermath of World War II, McCarthyism, Korea, atomic power, and foreign aid. He has no difficulty in showing that recent American history reveals a growing loss of direction and that the present American public reveals a growing loss of interest. If the United States is to realize its destiny as "the Rome and the Athens of the West," something must be done to rejuvenate the U.S.A. It must regain its enthusiasm for equality in freedom, preserved at home and expanded and emulated abroad.

Dr. Morgenthau is well known as an expert on international affairs and law and this is just such a learned and thoughtful book as we have come to expect from him. For many students this will be just the book they want. For a few, whose background is different, there will be a certain irritation caused by Dr. Morgenthau's treatment of the abstract noun. His is a story in which a revolution will claim to do this or that, while a new anti-imperialism can no longer afford to condemn the suppression of liberty from afar. Liberalism, moreover, holds certain truths to be self-evident, while contemporary democracy faces a dilemma. It would be wrong, however, to conclude that this preference for the abstract represents a failure to grasp the concrete. Admirable, for example, are the author's remarks on the present state of American schools.

> Where novelty is genuine and consistently so, it is at its most destructive. It has virtually destroyed American education, the very fountainhead of a continuing culture. What has been taught in a certain way before . . . must be taught differently, not because the old methods have proved ineffective, but solely because the methods are old. In the process of incessant innovation, the original purpose of teaching, which is to transmit knowledge, understanding and intellectual discipline, tends to be lost altogether. What has never been tried before, probably because it is absurd on the face of it, must be tried in order to see what happens.

Immigrants to the United States are made to promise that they will refrain from upsetting the federal constitution; a precaution which seems to imply that the bomb-laden anarchist will be incapable of telling a lie. Dr. Morgenthau, however, an immigrant of 1937, comes near to breaking his oath. He shows how real authority is vested today in nobody. The President feels impotent and unable to make his influence felt. The proliferating executive agencies are beyond the President's control but thwarted by each other. Congress, having no will of its own and little knowledge of what the executive is doing, reveals an endemic mood of frustration and irritation. Decisions, when finally reached, represent no more than a compromise between different points of view. In making decisions, great deference is shown to public opinion, but the public (in so far as they are interested) look to the government for a lead—and look, generally, in vain. The constitution, in short, of the United States was devised for a different sort of people living in a territory of a different size and confronted by problems of a different kind. Asked for his advice on American policy, the late Mr. George Bernard Shaw replied, in effect, "Get rid of your constitution," and deferred all further counsel until after this simple and elementary reform had been brought about. Dr. Morgenthau reaches virtually the same conclusion but fails (like Shaw) to explain how so basic an in-

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stitution as Congress can be expected to reform itself.

It is, indeed, when attempting to answer the question "What are we to do next?" that our author has least to say. He advises, first of all, the social enfranchisement of the American racial minorities. He urges, next, the setting up of a world government. He asserts that "in order to enable it to perform these momentous tasks, we must restore to government the ability to govern and to the people the ability to control." How? By encouraging the President to govern and lead. The message of this book is intended, in fact, for the new President of the United States. Let him assume the mantle of greatness and "reassert his historic role as both the initiator of policy and the awakener of public opinion."

This would have been a good note on which to end, but Dr. Morgenthau adds a final Appendix entitled "The Great Betrayal" and appends to this in turn his "Epistle to the Columbians." Both deal at length with the moral issues underlying the Van Doren case.

He regards this as a major event in American history—the "Hiss case of the academicians and the Dreyfus case of America." In strictly university circles this case certainly stirred feeling to the depths. It may be questioned, however, whether this affair should properly merit or will actually receive as much as a footnote in the history books of the future. This incident came as more of a surprise to Morgenthau than it did to people in whose eyes the scholarly character is less sacrosanct. The fact is that the American professor does not approximate to the professor of German tradition. It would be nearer the truth to regard him as the Organization Man in a certain type of Organization. That he should yield to a financial temptation, as in this isolated instance, is scarcely a matter for astonishment. Nor should we be unduly shaken by the fact that some students should have petitioned for his reinstatement. Students, after all, will petition for anything. No, the Van Doren affair is not as important as that. It does not merit an Appendix headed "The Great Betrayal" nor is it as significant as the treason committed by Dr. Nunn May, whose loyalty to truth was unimpaired. If the United States is to provide a true parallel to the Dreyfus Case, it will have to do better than that.

Escape from Apartheid

By Norman Phillips, *the author of "The Tragedy of Apartheid."*

NOT long before he fled South Africa last spring to escape arrest, Dr. Ambrose Reeves, the Anglican Bishop of Johannesburg, made this assessment:

> Ten years ago we could still afford to think in the old missionary terms of doing good *for* the African. Now we must work *with* him, or he'll throw anything we do back in our faces. And the time when we can work *with* the African is fast running out. The whole crux of the problem is consultation.

The censors will make sure that few white South Africans will have the opportunity to read Alfred Hutchinson's **"Road to Ghana"** (John Day, $3.50). And this will be a pity. For this book could provide something lacking among the ninety-five per cent of white South Africans who believe in racial supremacy. It would show nearly all of them for the first time what Africans are thinking.

Hutchinson achieves his presentation of the African case almost incidentally to his main purpose—the telling of an adventure story, his own escape from Apartheid to the promised land of Ghana. This, in itself, is interesting and well sprung with tension but the importance of the book is the insight into the mind of an African who rejects white domination.

Most of the indignities that can befall an African under Apartheid have happened to Alfred Hutchinson. His grandfather, George Hutchinson, was an Englishman claiming descent from the John Hutchinson who signed Charles I's death warrant. Under South Africa's Population Registration Act, this should have placed him in the category of Colored, not subject to carrying a pass; but the political police insisted he be issued a native pass.

The cynical special branch police, the stupid pass official, the bored magistrate are etched out through the eyes of one of their victims. There is a quick sketch of the incredible High Treason trial—Hutchinson was one of the accused—with Professor Murray, the McCarthyish expert witness, labeling documents as communistic only to be trapped finally under cross-examination into branding as communistic an article of his own.

All this is set down without bitterness, but with the patience tempered with humor that has been the hallmark of African opposition to the South African government. "The whites should be grateful to us. We'll free them from their suicidal fears."

In **"The Reluctant African"** (Harper, $2.50), Louis E. Lomax introduces a new African reaction

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Where's King Augeas? I'm supposed to clean his stables."

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expressed by another South African writer in exile, Bloke Modisane. "By 1963 it will be all over," he says.

Modisane talks of guns, training of an armed force, of the invasion of South Africa and the black nationalism that will have nothing to do with the white liberals, like Alan Paton, who pray for South Africa to become a multi-racial society. Paton recognizes the emergence of the black nationalists and the possibility of one of the newly independent African states training and equipping an insurrectionary force for service in South Africa. But he and the liberals hope that outside pressures on South Africa will require U.N. intervention and that this will save the country from a holocaust.

Lomax was looking for future developments when he traveled across Africa from Egypt to the Union. As an American Negro newspaperman, he had the advantage of a black skin. But before setting out he had to train himself not to fall into the common North American habit of speaking of all Africans as "natives."

In Johannesburg Lomax received a taste of life under Apartheid during a brief but courageous stay. Unfortunately, his journey did not take him through Ghana and Guinea. He did obtain a sample of Ghanaian thinking when he encountered her foreign minister in Ethiopia. Lomax was forced on to the defensive, dubbed an apologist for the U.S.A., and told that Ghana wanted neither American aid nor leadership.

Ghana is the likeliest candidate as a base for the training of a South African liberation force. It would be interesting if Mr. Lomax could make his next assignment the ferreting out of that story. In "The Reluctant African" he has made a fine beginning of reporting African viewpoints that are new to most North Americans. Most of them confirm the Bishop of Johannesburg's verdict that time is running out for harmony between white and black.

Alfred Hutchinson does not look into the future, but he has been an official of the African National Congress, whose policy is to work with white liberals towards a multi-racial South Africa. The astounding thing about Hutchinson and the mass of Africans under Apartheid is their tolerance and self-discipline, which enable them to use Gandhi's non-violent methods.

As yet, civil disobedience has won no victories for the black people of South Africa. The future peace of the country may depend on whether these methods are discarded in favor of armed revolt. Ironically, Liberals like Paton see peace more likely only if it is imposed to end the fighting.

FICTION

History Is Still Good Fiction

By Shirley Barker, *historical novelist who wrote "Peace, My Daughters" and "Rivers Parting."*

REVILED and ignored by many critics, historical novelists go on practicing and improving their craft, delighting large numbers of readers still. Less and less do they depend on costuming and incrustation of factual detail about foods and furniture, striving, rather, to make such information, when it is necessary to provide it, an integral part of the book. We see fewer examples of the "plunging neckline" school, the "Egad" school. Sexual episodes are no longer depended upon to carry the story, and characters are given a fuller, more searching treatment; they are not just types. There is a persistent, and often artistically successful attempt to work out a language that will convey the flavor of an earlier period, be historically correct, and give the modern reader no difficulty.

A survey of the first six such novels of the fall crop presents an interesting study of national loyalties and settings. It is the old contrast: are we to have America or England, "Gone With the Wind" or "Forever Amber," Susannah of the buckwheat cakes, or cruel Barbara Allen? Two of the novelists under present consideration have chosen the American locale, John Brown's Kansas, and Maryland at the end of the seventeenth century. The other four books are set in England, and range from the colorful and over-written-about days of the first Elizabeth to the secure Victorian time, the sometimes cloying peace of sleepy cathedral towns on a Sunday afternoon.

The American offerings are long, devious volumes, large works by large men, products of enormous care, scholarship, and industry. Truman Nelson in **"The Surveyor"** (Doubleday, $5.95), devotes nearly seven hundred pages to the narrow but crucial period between March 1855 and October 1856. He gives an account of the bloody struggle in sod-hut Kansas that was to make the state either slave or free, and of John Brown's involvement therein. We are somewhat disturbed to open the book and find that a list of thirty principal characters includes not one feminine name. We grow weary of violence, brawling, and brutality. But we feel the awful authenticity of what is happening, even though we may be repelled by it. Nearer to non-fiction than to fiction, perhaps, it faithfully depicts a segment of America's past, and is therefore an important book.

"The Sot Weed Factor" (Doubleday, $7.50), by John Barth, is either uproariously funny or simply too strong for the stomach, depending on the

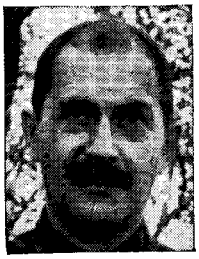
Historical novelwriters—"A Survey of the first six such novels of the fall crop presents an interesting study of national loyalties and settings."

Nelson

Jahoda

Barth

Goudge



Siegel

Kennedy

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taste of the individual reader. Those who are fond of Rabelais and the more bawdy Elizabethans will find themselves in for a rare treat. Ebeneezer Cooke, a feckless would-be poet from the London taverns, embarks for his father's tobacco plantation in Maryland, with a commission (he believes) to write "The Marylandiad," an epic poem of the region, and suffers probably more embarrassing mischances than any other traveler who ever visited the Little Choptank or the Eastern Shore. A remarkable imitation of an early journal, purportedly by a companion of Captain John Smith, makes many amazing disclosures; for instance, that the good captain won over the Virginia natives by presenting them with "feelthy pictures." There is imagination here, humor, a high degree of literary skill, and some most delightful conversation. But be warned again, the stomach must be strong.

Elizabeth Goudge in **"The Dean's Watch"** (Coward - McCann, $4.95), writes, perhaps, for a different group of readers than she did in the days when she produced "Green Dolphin Street." No doubt this is from choice, since she is a practiced storyteller. This is a quiet story of humble people dwelling about a cathedral in the fens, of their patient struggles with their own destiny, and their groping toward God—their only hope of fulfillment in life. If moments of high drama and the excitement of sexual tensions are lacking, they are somewhat replaced by the pathos and desperation of the old Dean striving to serve his people, the little watchmaker fleeing always from the hounds of heaven, the budding love of the pauper children, and the increasing despair of Emma, poor embittered housewife. Few novelists have the courage nowadays to write such an unspectacular, gentle book.

Margaret Kennedy's **"Night in Cold Harbor"** (Macmillan, $3.95), is perhaps nearer to the traditional historical novel than any other considered in this group. It is set in the England of the Napoleonic wars, and tells a deft and credible tale, though most of its characters are unlovable or not completely realized, save for Jenny—poor Jenny, the parson's drudging daughter, who was nothing but hands and feet. We could wish that the novel cut a little deeper, particularly when it deals with the abuses done to the children employed in the potteries, or the good parson's devastating vision. It has a "once-over-lightly" touch, but it is skilfully written, for all that.

"Once-over-lightly," too, is a phrase that might be applied to **"A Kind of Justice"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), by Benjamin Siegel. This is interesting chiefly in its attempt to present a current problem in terms of an earlier day, the problem of the Jew in a society that rejects him. It tells the story of one Andrew Bondi, a Spanish Jew who comes to London to seek revenge on the man who betrayed Bondi's young wife to the torturers of the Inquisition. A moving theme, surely, but we are not allowed to linger with Andrew's agony long enough to feel it. The story comes clattering down upon us, like an avalanche of dishes rattling from a shelf. This is only Mr. Siegel's second novel, and no proof that he cannot write a better one.

In some ways **"Annie"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50), the only first novel of the group, is the most satisfying. Gloria Jahoda, a young New Jersey housewife, is drawn perhaps by her own Norfolk ancestry to write about Norfolk under the second Charles, the story of the Bickley family, and its "shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations" decline. Up from his London draper's shop went shrewd, tyrannical old Francis Bickley to become a baronet and found a county family, but he almost thwarted his own ambitions when his obstinacy weakened his son and crippled his grandson. It was the crippled one that Annie loved, Annie, the workhouse orphan, who was to serve the family for three generations and take little delight in her own marriage, Annie who would finally save the Bickleys after all.

There are flaws in the book. Mrs.

(*Continued on page* 35)

Mystery of the Missing Kin

***"The Nephew," by James Purdy** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 210 pp. $3.95), depicts a woman's obsessive search for the truth about her nephew, who is missing in action. William Peden is director of the University of Misssouri Press.*

By William Peden

VARIETY is one of James Purdy's most impressive assets. His earliest published book was a collection of dark, almost ghoulish short stories; with them, as he was in his individualistic first novel, "Malcolm," Mr. Purdy was concerned with bizarre characters, unusual circumstances in a world more akin to myth or fantasy than to reality. His new novel, however, is firmly rooted in the here and now. Set in a small Midwestern college community, and centering around an elderly brother and sister whose adopted nephew is reported missing during the Korean War, "The Nephew" is as immediately recognizable as today's newspaper headlines.

When she recovers from the initial shock of her nephew's disappearance in action, Alma Mason decides to compile a "memorial" about him. Alma's life with her widowed brother Boyd has been empty, unfulfilled, and unresolved —except for the years when their nephew, Cliff, lived with them. Alma's quest to find out everything she can about the *real* Cliff becomes her reason for living; her search constitutes the heart of Mr. Purdy's spare but engrossing narrative, and out of it grow all the revelations of this remarkable novel.

Mr. Purdy depicts Alma Mason's search by means of a series of carefully contrived scenes. Like all good dramatists, the author builds many of his effects in terms of dramatically contrasting characters, situations, and events. He counterpoints scenes of high emotional intensity, such as the climactic episode involving Alma and the town's bad penny, who knew things about Cliff which Alma never dreamed of, against homely details of bread-making, sherbet-tasting, and the cake-eating of Alma's lady friends. Quiet scenes of character revelation are set against such moments of high melodrama as the burning of the Baker home, where Alma finds one of the clues to the nephew's riddle in a photograph-decorated room. "The Nephew" is alive with such contrasts, and with a remarkable gallery of characters who are, in spite of their frequent grotesqueries, stunningly alive. The result is a beautifully controlled novel of manners, which belongs more to the tradition of the eighteenth century playwrights or Jane Austen than to the dusty naturalism of many of Mr. Purdy's contemporaries.

There are no false moves, no wrong turns, in "The Nephew." From humor to pathos, from farce to caricature or to straight narrative, Mr. Purdy is in constant control of his material. His vision is as sharp and clean as a hound's tooth, his narrative method swift, unencumbered, and uncluttered. If any doubts exist concerning Mr. Purdy's unique abilities, this slender, unpretentious, thoroughly admirable novel should dispel them. There may have been a more impressive American novel published in 1960; if so, I have not heard about it.

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A Burden of Knowingness

"Letters of Sigmund Freud," *selected and edited by Ernst L. Freud; translated by Tania and James Stern (Basic Books. 450 pp. $7.50), disclose the loneliness of a genius who, even in his youth, had the wisdom of age and a gift for understanding the world. Professor of speech at the University of California in Berkeley, Philip Rieff wrote "Freud: The Mind of the Moralist."*

By Philip Rieff

—From the book.

Sigmund Freud and Martha Bernays in 1885 during their engagement.

FREUD wrote letters in huge quantities; only now can we see that he was supremely talented at it. We have had to wait for confirmation of this minor side of his genius until the publication of an adequate number of letters even more personal than those to Wilhelm Fliess. Here we have them, in the required amount, selected and arranged in chronological order, from 1873 to 1939, by the youngest of Freud's sons. On this evidence, I think, Freud is entitled to a place among the great letter writers of this century; only D. H. Lawrence and William James emerge from their personal correspondence anywhere near as man-sized as Freud.

Freud's greatness of character comes through these letters swiftly, from the very first to his school chum, and particularly in his love letters to Martha Bernays, during the four long years between their engagement and marriage. Great letters are written by great characters; they must be intensely personal and revealing, as these are, and yet make us feel that, however familiarly we lean across the shoulder of the writer, we are in the presence of greatness. Freud's letters show that presence already there in his early twenties. Only great characters can survive this test of intimacy. Marx, for example, does not survive; his letters do not move us to respect him more as we get to know him better. How rarely do great men retain their presence when we get close to them, in the one way possible across the distance of history—in their personal correspondence. Freud survives, and grows in stature.

That Freud was a great old man can be denied only by denying his achievement. Now, from these letters, we see that if he had greatness it was in his person long before his achievement set it at large. As more of these autobiographical materials appear, Ernest Jones's biography becomes less and less adequate. In his lack of feeling for the intensity of his subject, and despite occasional efforts at depth of penetration, Jones put together a portrait that is almost Byzantine in its flatness. Given Jones's intention, to record the life of Freud, the flatness could not be avoided. It is the mind of Freud that gave his life a depth quite beyond the range Jones evidently set for himself as a biographer.

There is nothing flat about Freud's own self-portrait, as given informally in these letters. Told from the inside, Freud's life takes on depth, even heroic proportion, not because of the external pace of events, which is in fact remarkably steady, but rather because of the heavy burden of knowingness about life that Freud carried from the beginning, on his back, as it were. Yet he never bent over in defeat; difficult as he found the task, he forced himself to remain emotionally and morally upright to the last, "defiant" of his corrupting knowledge—although as he himself admitted, in a letter splendid with modesty, he did not know quite why he thus maintained his integrity. All he knew, at the end of his life, was that, as a moral man, he could not be otherwise.

The famous old Freud and his obscure young predecessor bear a resemblance to one another so remarkable that, taken together, they challenge the sacred canon of development. Age did not alter Freud in any essential way; it merely gave him time to polish the intellectual instrument with which he expressed the greatness of his character. Psychoanalysis was the perfect instrument of that character. When, at last, he found himself, after searching around systematically in various established disciplines, Freud established a new discipline, first of all for himself. Later, as psychoanalysis became more adaptable, the hidden force of Freud's character operated through the discipline, detached from his person. Psychoanalysis became a transferable art, and therefore something like a science; others could be taught what Freud knew for himself.

The young Freud was one of those rare unlucky ones, burdened in youth with the wisdom of age. He was never really young. When, at twenty-three, he remarks to Martha on "the absurdity of this world," this is no passing adolescent sadness; it carries the full poignancy of full comprehension, and only deepens with time. Such strokes of wisdom often left him in one of his "wretched moods." But his gift of understanding the world as it is, was, and will be, did not leave him completely exposed and vulnerable. Guarded by his self-image as a scientist, Freud's personal wisdom hardened him just enough to permit him to remain wise without ever falling over into the jeopardy of demanding an end of wisdom: some synthesis of his analytic attitude that must, as he knew, take him beyond the specific gravity of his intelligence. The perfect nonsense of the artist, or of the religious genius, never appealed to Freud; he chose rather to make imperfect sense. One letter concludes, with final accuracy: "In short, I am evidently an analyst."

To compel his imagination to stay put, short of synthesis, was admittedly a severe limitation upon it. But the absurdity of this world could not be balanced, in his opinion, by absurd ideas. To be religious was to be sick, by definition: it is the effort to find a cure where none can possibly exist. For Freud, religion could only be a symptom of what it seeks to cure. Psychoanalysis does not cure; it merely reconciles. Therefore it works best for healthy men, who are willing to sacrifice their precious first sons of thought on the altar of reality. For those who seek, through analysis, to avoid the sacrifice, therapy must inevitably fail. Psychoanalysis is a therapy for the healthy, not a solution for the sick—except so far as the sick themselves become analysts and find in this therapeutic their personal solution, as Freud did. In his science, Freud overcame the "tiredness" from which he suffered. His

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recurrent fatigue was, he explained to Martha, a "kind of minor illness; neurasthenia, it is called." Work was the one way out of this tiredness. Thus Freud turned necessity into therapy; there was no other way out, before death. In a sense we can now better understand, there is something to the gross charge that psychoanalysis is the perfect profession for neurotics—but only for extremely intelligent neurotics, those who can learn to inhibit successfully their religious impulse. "The moment a man questions the meaning and value of life," Freud wrote, in a letter to Marie Bonaparte, published in this selection, "he is sick, since objectively neither has any existence." The analyst proudly needed no synthesis.

But Freud needed no synthesis because it was already there, built into his character. More easily than most, if they are truly analytical, Freud could avoid asking the essential question: for within him he had an answer which he guarded and cherished, although toward the end of his life his own ambivalence toward that answer increased so that he could not resist both analyzing and justifying it. Finally, but with extreme reluctance, he published "Moses and Monotheism," his own private answer. He discovered that although he was not a believing Jew, he remained a psychological one. It was, in fact, Freud's mystique of membership in the Jewish community that protected him from asking too obviously the sickest of questions. His letters are full of obedience to the authority of his ancestry. When Freud goes "every day for three lonely weeks" to contemplate the Moses of Michelangelo, in a Roman church, it is an act of piety—which must eventuate into a psychoanalytic exercise, of course.

Following in Freud's steps, not long ago, I went to that same church in Rome. But, having had the American experience of detachment from all communities, it was Michelangelo's Moses that I saw, not Freud's. Being still attached to his community, the Jew Freud could afford to be merely what he was: an analyst, and that long before psychoanalysis permitted him to cosset his sense of despair in the professionalism of his analytic attitude. At times, before his wish for genius came true, Freud experienced "something like attacks of despondency and fainthearted-ness." At other times he grudgingly admits to Martha his "gray, grim despair," does nothing all day, except perhaps browse in Russian history or some other subject equally remote from his work. On one occasion, he reaches for a passage in Milton, as if it were a shield behind which he can advance again

(*Continued on page* 37)

The Lovable Professional

***"Selected Letters of Stephen Vincent Benét,"** edited by Charles A. Fenton (Yale University Press. 416 pp. $6), reveals the gentle humor and personal courage of one of America's most beloved literary figures. Robert Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is the author of "Cycle of American Literature."*

By Robert Spiller

IF THERE is anything in Charles Lamb's theory of the sanity of true genius, no better example could be found than Stephen Vincent Benét, whose biography by the late Charles A. Fenton is now followed by a skilfully edited selection from his letters. Here is revealed the life of a thoroughly admirable human being whose poetry and fiction achieved in their day all the success and esteem that a writer could ask for. If posterity is now unkind enough to give the author of "John Brown's Body" and "The Devil and Daniel Webster" something short of the highest rating, perhaps the reason might be sought in his own admonition to a young writer, "You will find that virtuous characters are harder to do than vicious ones. . . . This is probably just the natural cussedness of the human race."

Stephen Vincent Benet — "admirable human being."

The fact which stands out most clearly from these cheerful, humorous, and intimate letters is that Benét was in every sense a professional. A personal life of intense loves and loyalties for family, friends, college and business associates, and younger writers was reflected in his unswerving devotion to his own fiction and poetry. Short stories, he admitted, were his "bread and butter—and when it isn't bread and butter, I'd much rather do verse." Of necessity always sensitive to the demands and opportunities of the literary market, he consistently refused to undertake anything which he felt was alien to his own interests and abilities. He supported his family by his free-lance writing for many years, but there was quality even in his "bread and butter" writing, and sincerity in all.

Why is it then that the writings of some of the more completely "lost" of his generation like Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Faulkner seem to have more promise of immortality than even the best of Benét? Chronologically a member of this group, he shared with them the experiences of two wars and a depression, expatriation in Paris, and finally commitment to a literary career at home. Each of the others went, for the most part, his own stormy and uncompromising way, whereas Benét met every challenge of the times with personal courage, a spirit of cheerful cooperation, and positive faith in his country and the human race. He won no world recognition or Nobel Prizes, but by the time of his death in 1943 at the age of only forty-five, he was perhaps the central figure of the literary world of New York, with two Pulitzer Prizes and a Book-of-the-Month Club adoption to his credit.

Perhaps this is the price a writer must pay for being so much a part of the spirit of his time and place. Benét did as much as any modern writer to recall the past and strengthen the present of the American tradition in letters without himself becoming a major poet. Because his life and writings are so much of a piece and so much a part of the rest of us, his letters make excellent reading.

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USA

Facts and Fads in Modern Medicine

"The Health Hucksters," by Ralph Lee Smith *(Crowell. 248 pp. $3.95), and* ***"It's Cheaper To Die," by William Michelfelder*** *(Braziller. 192 pp. $3.50), attack many aspects of American medicine—drug prices and ethics, hospital service, insurance plans, medical education, and the practices of the doctors themselves. Marguerite Clark is medical editor of Newsweek.*

By Marguerite Clark

AMERICAN medicine, long regarded as the world's best, is under fire. Puzzled, disgruntled patients argue that medical service, from the cost of a simple prescription to a long-term hospital sojourn, has become a "big business," touched off by opportunism. What is wrong?

Here are two books, addressed to the "uninformed layman," which will help to explain the events leading to this medical crisis. While not exactly new in content, both are carefully researched and planned reports on our national dilemma.

"The Health Hucksters" is an easy-to-read, fast-moving account of the preposterous period of false and misleading advertising, in which gullible Americans are spending more than one billion dollars a year for drugs, foods, and cosmetics that have no real benefit. "The language of modern advertising is perfectly suited to hiding . . . the truths of science," writes Ralph Lee Smith. High-powered "huckstering" in magazines, newspapers, on the radio and TV, and through the mail, twists the real facts about the common cold, tooth decay, the wide use of vitamins and filtered cigarettes, the claims (without proof) of the relation between cholesterol in food and heart disease; the weight reducing pills and vibrators, the food fads, from honey and vinegar cocktails to enriched flour in bread and Royal Jelly. The most cruel form of huckstering is aimed at the eleven million arthritis sufferers, at least half of whom buy one or more fraudulent "cures"; the most absurd, the "youthifying" creams and unguents that promise to erase wrinkles and restore good looks.

Depending on these advertised products may do no harm, says the author:

> But it may turn into a kind of Russian roulette. The chances are the chamber is empty; your symptoms spring from minor causes that are not exaggerated by self-diagnosis or neglect. But once in a while, the chamber is loaded—the apparently minor symptoms spring from the gravest possible causes.

In spite of its flamboyant title, "It's Cheaper to Die" (than to be sick), the Michelfelder book is a serious, heavily documented work by a conscientious crusader-journalist who has spent years in studying the high cost of medical care. He is frankly critical of almost every facet of today's medicine—drugs and hospital service prices, the shortage of physicians, the Blue Cross-Blue Shield plans, medical education, and, of course, unjustified surgery, fee-splitting, and malpractice. Packed with statistics, the book is sober reading compared to the brisk, often amusing "Health Hucksters."

The books differ in another way. Ralph Lee Smith credits the 113-year-old, 175,000-member American Medical Association (along with the Food and Drug Administration and the National Better Business Bureau) with many victories in dozens of campaigns against false medical advertising. In "It's Cheaper to Die," a large part of the blame for current medical wrongs is laid at the doorstep of the AMA, the powerhouse of organized medicine. State and county medical societies, "adjuncts of the AMA" come in for their share of criticism. About the only medical group of which the author speaks well is the aristocratic American College of Surgeons, and its former director, Dr. Paul R. Hawley, who has waged a fearless and successful fight against unnecessary surgery and fee-splitting.

Inevitably, both books place empha-

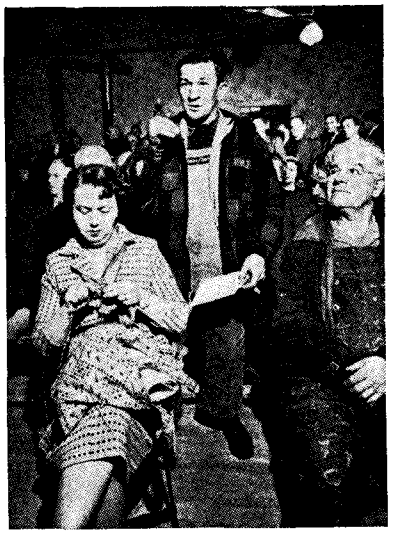
(*Continued on page* 32)

MELTING POT OF THE WORLD from its earliest colonial days to the present, the U.S. is a land of diversity. In "**Profile of America,**" edited by Emilie Davie (Grosset & Dunlap, $4.95), more than 200 selections from American history and folklore and 150 prints serve as testimony to the varied spirit of our country, so evident in its culture and its people. Pictured right and below are a few faces of America.

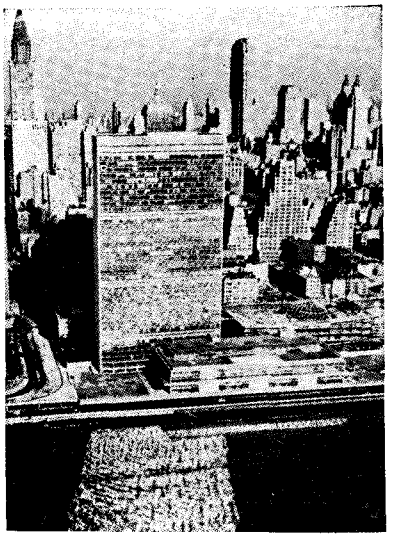
American Indian

Immigrant voter

Town Meeting



New York City



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Requiem for a Literary Haven

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is privileged to publish the following guest editorial by Archibald MacLeish, former Librarian of Congress, Assistant Secretary of State, 1944-45, and Pulitzer Prize poet.*

THE magazine *Botteghe Oscure* ceased publication with the autumn issue of 1960. Its demise, unlike that of *Colliers*, was not front-page news in the *Times* but it may be remembered longer, for it fixes a date, not in the annals of journalism, but in the history of literature. Not that *Botteghe Oscure* was a literary success in the usual sense of that word. Its subscribers never numbered much over 5,000, and its writers, though they included Brecht and Camus and Auden and Char and Moravia and Silone and Agee and Robert Penn Warren and Dylan Thomas, were most of them too young to be widely known. *Botteghe Oscure*'s importance lay in another direction. It was one of the very few periodicals of the time to concern itself, not with writing about writing, but with writing itself, and it was the only magazine of the period to commit itself, not in preachment but in practice, to the writer's world: which is to say, to the whole world, geographically, politically, socially, intellectually, linguistically, and otherwise considered.

Botteghe Oscure, published in Rome, appeared in Italian, French, German, Spanish, English, and American. It was distributed in Tokyo, Amsterdam, Wiesbaden, London, Paris, Melbourne, Johannesburg, and Middletown, Connecticut. And its writers, when computations were made on its tenth anniversary, numbered 568 of twenty-odd nationalities, including twenty-four writing in Spanish (Spaniards, Mexicans, Cubans, and South Americans), twenty-three writing in German (Germans, Austrians, Swiss), seventy-eight writing in French (French, Belgians, and Swiss), and 332 writing in English (more than half of them American and the rest English, Canadian, Australian, New Zealander, with twelve Dutch, five Philippinos, five Koreans, two Hindus, one Dane, one Pole, and one Chinese).

AT any period in the world's history, a magazine dedicated so visibly to the proposition that literature exists in a wider and more integral world than politics would have attracted attention. In a time as frantically nationalistic as ours, such a magazine becomes a prodigy and an anachronism. One wonders how it could have survived through a decade in which the vast literary world of Tolstoy was compressed to the stunted and parochial parish which rejected any writer—even a Russian, even a Pasternak—whom the politicians found distasteful: a decade in which political pressures continued to be applied even in the United States to make patriotism and art coterminous if not identical.

An obvious explanation would be, of course, that *Bottehge Oscure* survived in an alien time because the gallant and spirited woman who edited it made sacrifices for its support which everyone knows about but which few, even of her friends, are in a position to measure. But not even the resources and courage of Marguerite Caetani could have sufficed, alone, to explain the continuing appearance of those fat, oblong volumes. Writers in twenty-odd countries do not send their work off to be published for strangers and foreigners to read merely because a charming lady offers them the opportunity with a check enclosed. Obviously there was another reason—a reason which the editor of *Botteghe Oscure* did not so much invent as serve. And as the magazine closes and one looks forward to a literary world without it, one can begin to see a little more clearly what the reason was. *Botteghe Oscure* offered the writers, particularly the young writers, of its decade—or, more precisely, its thirteen years—an opportunity to find each other and so to find their common generation. And that opportunity, whether they realized it at the time or not, was precious to them.

WRITERS, if they are worthy of that jealous designation, do not write for other writers. They write to give reality to experience. But they need, nevertheless, a knowledge of other writers: not a personal knowledge (most good writers avoid each other by an almost animal instinct and make their companionships as far to the side as possible) but a knowledge nothwithstanding, a sense of presence. However lonely a writer's labor may be—and there is none lonelier—each man needs to give himself to understand that *he* is not alone; that there are others there, in the most literal if intangible sense, *beside* him; that he is one of many, one of what we call a "generation," and that his work, hidden as it may be even from himself, is in some inexplicable but immediate way a part of the work of these others. Even when the hidden work is as unimaginable as the task Rimbaud set himself in May of 1871, the need is there and is confessed: *"Qu'il crève dans son bondissement par les choses inouïes et innommables: viendront d'autres horribles travailleurs; ils commenceront par les horizons où l'autre s'est affaissé!"*

But this need—and it is here that *Botteghe Oscure* found its living nerve—is not circumscribed by year or place. All writers have found ancestors in the antipodes of other tongues and times, and none of us can ever be sure where he will find the living brother—whether a Frenchman born in Guadeloupe or a Spaniard eating Dante's bitter bread or even that strangest of all strangers

(*Continued on page* 39)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROFIT AND LOSS

THE REVIEW by Nicholas Samstag of Vance Packard's "The Waste Makers" [*SR*, Nov. 5] is the immediate cause of this letter. But that was merely the straw that finally made my somewhat ancient back creak.

There's been a great deal of talk during the last couple of years about America's loss of its sense of purpose. Packard, in what I consider a highly superficial and overrated book, worries about our loss of spirit. . . . There are two things that seriously worry me about the present whining and lying awake nights over loss of the American spirit.

First, I think we vastly underrate the many manifestations of devotion to great causes of a not too small portion of our citizens. Isn't there now a strong undercurrent of something that might be called the American conscience?

My second worry is typified by Packard. In a superficial and unscientific attempt at social comment, he seems to be letting the penny of abundance in front of his eye obscure the sun that reveals the real cause of the confusion that prevails today.

Once Darwin shook Protestant man's faith in a highly personal God, and once the events of the twentieth century, culminating in the barbarism of World War II, took away from man his second refuge, his belief in the perfectibility of the human race, man sustained two of the most devastating attacks on his beliefs ever delivered by historical events. Is it not tragic that "The Waste Makers" should be outselling Loren Eiseley's "The Firmament of Time"?

C. B. LARRABEE.

Washington, D. C.

OBVIOUSLY Nicholas Samstag is on the receiving end of the American "waste-making" crime. His defense of status-seeking and the hidden persuasion of the profiteers is a shocking reminder of how urgently we need Vance Packard's criticism. Perhaps he is uninformed about the starving majority of the world's population; he seems to be convinced that American prosperity can do no better than serve American luxury.

SHARON MCMAKEN.

Louisville, Ky.

IF I BELIEVED that the "psychological benefits" of wasteful and unnecessary consumption were really holding up my "trembling house of cards" I'd shoot myself.

KARIN MARCUS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

NO MAN REWROTE HIS EPITAPH

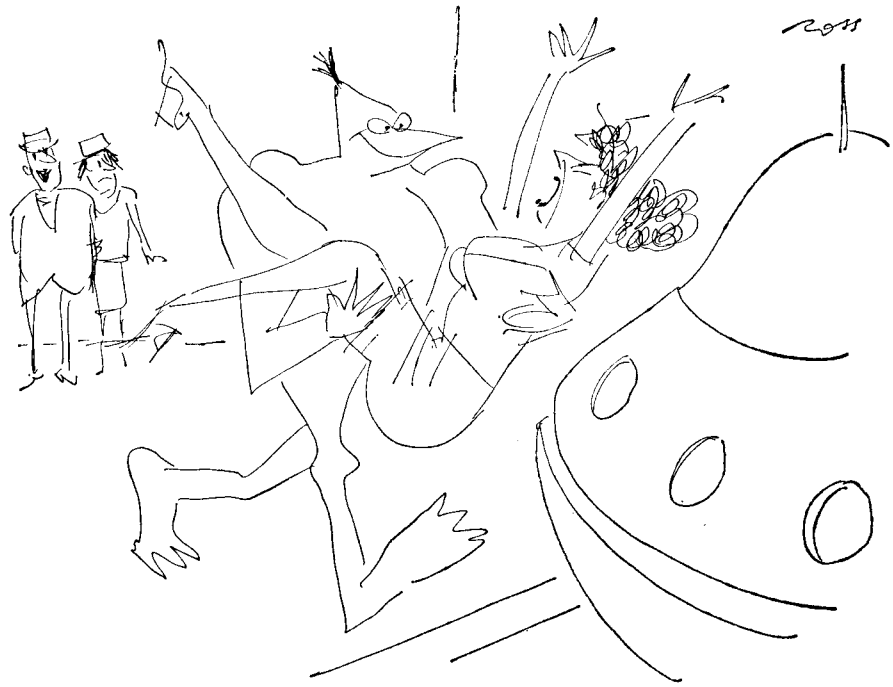
A BRIEF ADDENDUM to Arthur Knight's review of "Let No Man Write My Epitaph" [*SR*, Oct. 22]: The "upbeat" ending provided for the young hero, Nick, is not a "studio emendation," as Mr. Knight hypothesizes, but the actual ending of Willard Motley's original novel.

The areas where scenarist Robert Presnell, Jr., did in fact depart from the novel involve the transference of Nick's talents from art to music, the establishing of the flower shop as a base of operations for the formerly itinerant dope peddler, and the elimination of certain elements from the novel for the sake of the film's dramatic cohesiveness. These eliminations were mainly the death of the singer, Big Flora; the self-cure of the mother, Nellie, of her first drug addiction and then her subsequent re-addiction; and young Nick's brief enslavement to dope and his sojourn at the government hospital at Lexington.

Since it is with great respect that we of the motion picture industry regard the film criticism of Mr. Knight, we of Columbia are indeed proud that he has found our production so truthful and dramatic.

LAURENCE DAVID KRAMER,
Columbia Pictures Corp.

New York, N. Y.



"It's probably the first time she's had to cope with this sort of thing."

TOO LITTLE ALREADY!

IN HIS TRADE WINDS column of October 1, Jerome Beatty, Jr., passed on the remark that Harry Golden's next book should be called "Enough Already!" While I am not defending Mr. Golden or his writings, I must submit that from at least one standpoint Mr. Golden has not written "enough already."

For many years the literary world has been subjected to the sorry spectacle of the self-hating Jew, who, as author, includes Jews as characters in his works but depicts them to the reading world as grubbing, detestable individuals. What happens, unfortunately, is that people who should know better accept these myopic views as truth.

Such self-hatred has given rise to the distortions of Budd Schulberg's Sammy Glick in "What Makes Sammy Run?" Jerome Weidman's Harry Bogin in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," and George Hurst in "The Enemy Camp." We may even include Herman Wouk's crafty Barney Greenwald in "The Caine Mutiny" and the drab, colorless characters, including the heroine, in "Marjorie Morningstar."

While no group is composed entirely of saints, neither is it composed entirely of sinners. In the aforementioned works one is hard put to find even one Jew depicted as possessing more than a piddling morality.

It is nothing short of literary irresponsibility to write of the abnormal as though it were the standard.

It comes, then, as a refreshing antidote to read Mr. Golden's nostalgic reminiscences of Jewish East Side life wherein the religious and ethical values of love, honesty, and decency were taught as the prerequisites of world citizenship, and whose citizens have made and are continuing to make contributions to our civilization.

(Rabbi) AARON PEARL,
Temple B'nai Zion.

Bloomfield, N. J.

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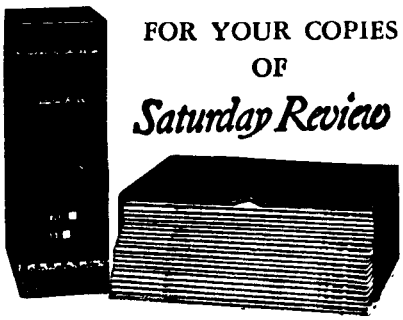

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Snowflakes in Tennessee

IN HIS deceptively merry new play, Tennessee Williams offers us a comic-strip view of the absurdities of modern marital discord. "**Period of Adjustment,**" which the playwright himself has labeled as "light," takes as its principal characters two couples who are beyond rescue from voluntary enslavement to normality. One couple is just married but unable to consummate; and the other has just split up from overconsummation. And the appropriate locale for this is High Point, Tennessee, a Nashville suburb built over a huge cavern into which it is gradually sinking.

To make his spoof even more hilarious, Mr. Williams has had it take place on a white Christmas Eve, and has added a sharp satire on American "religion" by putting inside the stucco house a statue of the Infant of Prague under which a millionaire has placed a penny in order to insure the miracle of prosperity for his daughter.

Despite its amusing content, Mr. Williams has also seen the pathos in his characters. As in "The Glass Menagerie," each is on the verge of desperation over his or her comic dilemma. The newlywed Isabel Haverstick, "a student nurse in this neurological ward of a world," is an overprotected virgin whose father made it a rule never to admit a date with liquor on his breath ("and that little rule ruled out a goodly number"). She has just married George Haverstick, who, possibly out of fear of impotence, "uses love as a weapon with which to beat a woman down." George's wartime buddy, Ralph Bates, has settled for the munificent rather than the magnificent dream, by marrying Dorothea, the homely sole offspring of a sick millionaire, only to discover that "there is no greater assurance of longevity than having gallstones, diabetes, and one kidney." Dorothea is suffering from a sense of inferiority brought on by nouveau-riche parents who have pushed her to achieve a social position beyond her capabilities, and she compensates for it by the exercise of a voracious sexual appetite.

While this may be a contrived set of matched mismates, in performance the quarreling quartet emerges as a recognizable miniature of the postwar generation. And if Mr. Williams seems to lean a little too much on psychosexual explanations, one can argue that such preoccupation and obsession are very much part of our era. Furthermore, here, as in many of his other plays, Mr. Williams contrasts the sacred and the profane. He can be earthy and coarse, but he can also cry out poetically that "the human heart could never pass the drunk test."

Barbara Baxley plays Isabel uncompromisingly and humorously, showing us a girl with an absurdly genteel manner which from time to time is shattered by such indecorous outbursts as her shrill reaction to the "big old lecherous body" of a husband who threatens to usurp in reality the place her beloved father had occupied in fantasy. As Dorothea, Rosemary Murphy wears a homely hairdo and makeup, which leave her free to concentrate on the inner conflicts of a girl who hates her father and, as a consequence, desires her husband all the more. Ralph and George, the not-so-young young men whose lives were warped by too much time spent with the kind of women who live near army camps, are excellently portrayed by James Daly and Robert Webber. Mr. Daly is particularly good at chortling about "the little old period of adjustment" everyone has to go through, and Mr. Webber is wildly funny with his die-hard anger that even puts the shakes into his voice. And although we laugh at these two frustrated pioneer souls and their scheme to raise extinct cattle for TV cowboy films, there is a close-to-home pain in it.

Jo Mielziner's setting catches but does not exaggerate the spectacle of overembroidered suburban living, and he gives his colleagues a demonstration of how to suggest a real blizzard without distracting from the events indoors. Similarly, director George Roy Hill keeps the play flowing on a naturalistic level by not allowing any one piece of action to become so dramatic that it shatters the play's gentle human line.

While the play ends "happily" as a safe termination of "that long dangerous walk from his to hers," Dorothea's final, almost inaudible line, "Let me do it. It [her borrowed nightdress] isn't mine," suggests the ingloriousness of an American domesticity that has become joyless and synthetic. For those who choose to ignore these implications, "Period of Adjustment" may seem a somewhat pat little comedy. But for those who do not, it is easily the best American play of the new season.

—HENRY HEWES.

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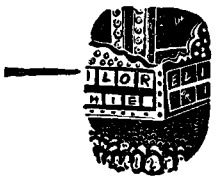


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

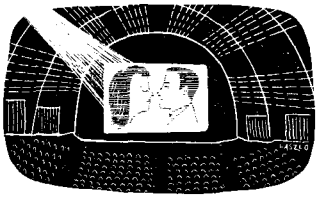
If You Knew Suzie

WHEN "The World of Suzie Wong" came to Broadway, it received only a moderate welcome from newspaper critics, but audiences found it an entertaining show and justified David Merrick's investment in it. Since then it has gone on to play the provinces, demonstrating over and over that a story about a "good" prostitute can be counted on to bring in the customers. Merrick's production was elaborate for a non-musical play; he is quoted as having said, succinctly, about the Paul Osborn dramatization of the Richard Mason novel, "One set, one week," a tacit recognition by him of the fact that the play was no great shakes. For the movie, Ray Stark, its producer, has taken the Merrick hint and surrounded Suzie, the cute little Hong Kong prostitute, with scenic views of Hong Kong (a highly photogenic background), with much local color, and with William Holden, a chap who is presumed never to miss at the box office. As for the John Patrick screenplay, it oozes with charm and good-humored innocence, and even makes a point or two about the poverty and overcrowding that lead basically nice little girls into one of the most ancient of female occupations.

The Production Code seal, denied to "The Trials of Oscar Wilde," a reasonably accurate re-creation of historical events, has been given "The World of Suzie Wong," a clear vote in favor of prostitution as a suitable subject for the family motion picture audience. If one were to question the ruling in favor of "Suzie" and that against "The Trials of Oscar Wilde," one would probably hear invoked the magic words "good taste." But why these words apply in the case of the former movie, and not the latter, leaves me frankly puzzled. Not that I have any particular objections to the showing of "The World of Suzie Wong," which has already found a home in that citadel of the great audience, the Radio City Music Hall, but I do find myself wondering—as I have in the past—why Suzie's form of moral corruption is supposedly less reprehensible than the late Mr. Wilde's.

I can make a guess or two. Suzie, for one thing, falls within that sentimental stereotype of the girl who, through force of circumstance, charges for her favors. It is assumed that she is a kind of Cinderella who hawks the pleasures of the flesh, yet manages to preserve her virgin soul intact. Love is the purifying elixir, and should she be accepted by the man she loves, we may then safely assume that she will henceforth be a model feminine citizen of society. But take a less sentimental view of Suzie, and I suspect the Production Code would not give her a seal of approval. As a matter of fact, so heavily is audience sympathy weighted on her side that the question is not whether or not she will turn good, but whether or not the high-principled American architect-turned-painter will be able to overcome his scruples in time to rescue her. Luckily, divine Providence intervenes. A flood causes a cave-in, and Suzie's illegitimate child is killed. Add tragedy to love, and Mr. Holden's problem is solved. He takes Suzie home with him as his wife.

This kind of contemporary fairy tale is becoming more prevalent on both stage and screen, and as a result the fictional type of prostitute is gaining status. Perhaps it points out, as two perceptive writers, Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, have already suggested, the existence of one of the major problems of love-life in our Western culture. "A good girl," they wrote,



"is the sort that a man should marry, but she has the disadvantage of not being sexually stimulating." It is exactly this problem that is solved for William Holden in the movie. He has the chance to marry an intelligent English beauty, but when it comes to voluptuousness she can't compare, it is demonstrated, with Suzie. Nancy Kwan, as the Chinese girl, is bosomy and hippy in the Western style, and has an exotic Oriental look to boot. Who could resist her? Mr. Holden does, until she becomes "good." He then has the good-bad girl that he evidently desires. Mr. Stark, Mr. Patrick, and Richard Quine, who directed, obviously know their psychological onions where the audience is concerned. They have kept their eyes straight on the box office. There is only one thing wrong with the picture. It is claptrap.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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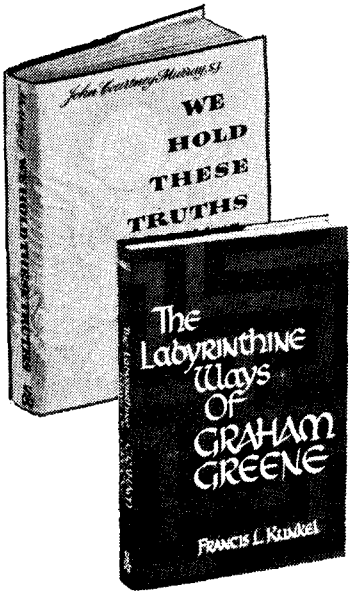

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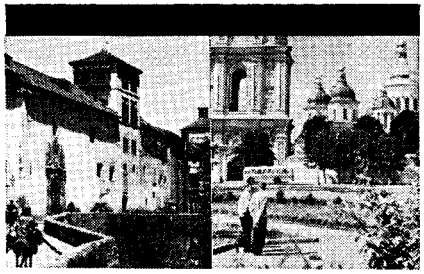

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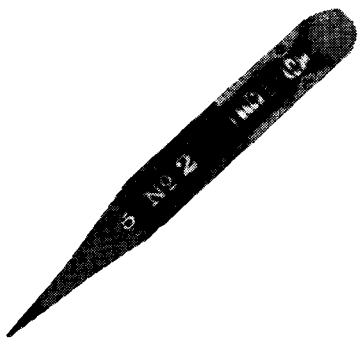

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TV AND RADIO

Disc Jockeys Top Senators

A NATIONAL survey made by a radio advertising organization suggests that many voters who recently elected United States Senators would probably have failed to recognize their names before they entered the polling booths. Between July and October, a large number of voters who were interviewed in the East, West, Pacific Northwest, and Midwest also failed to identify three U. S. Cabinet members who were then making headlines. By contrast, more adults (of the 3,959 interviewed) were able to identify their "local radio personalities" (disc jockeys).

In the East Coast market, a U. S. Senator scored 26.9 per cent recognition, just about half of the local radio personality's 52.3 per cent. One Cabinet member had a 15.3 per cent score; the disc jockey scored 46.7 per cent. The findings are not startling to those who follow mass media. The survey merely confirms the continued "alienation" of many citizens, their withdrawal, and their selective exposure to mass media content—a pattern which has been observed by social scientists for many years. The results of the survey could have been largely anticipated. Why, then, was it made?

The Radio Advertising Bureau, Inc., which conducted the survey, is a sales service for 1,200 radio stations in the United States. It equips clients with material for documenting radio's reach and effectiveness as a mover of goods.

Would the bureau have eagerly published the results if they had been dramatically in favor of the public figures and not the radio personalities? Such a device is fair enough, customarily, in the promotion game. Radio has every right to blow its own sales horn. Was it a small twinge of public relations conscience that prompted the RAB president, Kevin B. Sweeney, to issue a solemn companion statement to the survey, in which he said: "These facts, which make us proud of radio broadcasting's local personalities, are also a matter of concern to us. . . . When many more adults can recognize and identify correctly the names of radio personalities in the largest city of a state than can identify one of the United States Senators, every person interested in the democratic process should be concerned."

Every person so interested is concerned. The RAB president's statement also said: "It is a challenge to men in public life, the political parties, and to American radio stations to do for our great issues and personalities the kind of dramatic spotlighting that radio has done for its own personalities." Mr. Sweeney was out of town when I phoned to ask precisely what he thought radio stations should do to meet this challenge. An associate said he was drafting an answer which would arrive in the mail. I called again when it failed to arrive and spoke to another bureau representative, who had been assigned to answer my questions. He said: "Of course we can't offer any Utopian ten-point program." Then he dwelt on the changes taking place in radio—the trend toward packaging news in "short-take" capsules, the basic component of radio's day; and the trend toward editorializing on the air. These trends, I inferred, represent radio's program to meet Mr. Sweeney's challenge.

Radio will not say every hour upon the hour: "We now wish to remind you of the name of the man you have elected as your United States Senator." Nor will it contribute to any deep public understanding of complex issues by splinters of "short-take" news capsules. It will only contribute by this development to a still further alienation of the individual from public affairs by a diminution of content and significant analysis. The RAB spokesman pointed out that his organization has sought to stimulate editorializing on the air by the stations it serves. He asserted that many broadcasters are seeking ways to make radio more significant. This is fine; but, however well-intentioned the statement by Mr. Sweeney may have been, it displays a naïveté about the history of commercial radio as a medium of public enlightenment. Why, in the "best-informed nation" in the world, which gets its news fastest and mostest (and more of it on radio than through any other medium), are there such vast pockets of fundamental civic ignorance among our citizen-listeners as "revealed" by the RAB survey? The radio industry will best serve its public relations (if that is what it is seeking) by examining this question in depth, *on the air*, rather than by issuing statements of "concern." Anyone for *this* challenge, Mr. Sweeney?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Samson vs. Francois—Copland, Conductor—Bing

SAMSON FRANCOIS put himself to the ultimate test of a French pianist by playing no French music at his recent recital in Carnegie Hall. This is in the tradition of such great antecedents as Alfred Cortot (with whom he studied as a boy) and Robert Casadesus, whose specialities, in the crude sense of that term, have been the works of Chopin and Schumann, respectively.

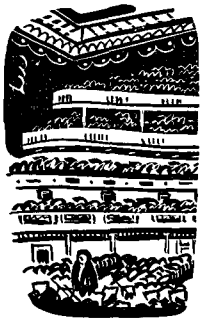
Indeed, the thirty-six-year-old pianist undertook to bracket both aspects of his elders in restricting himself to a Schumann-Chopin program. But it is idle to look beyond this simple fact toward comparison with others when his own status is as uncertain as it is. An artist of unquestionable gifts, musical insight, and technical resource, he flits from one side of the esthetic street to the other, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in shadow. Just as he was about to round out something near perfect (the third of his Chopin Mazurkas, Opus 41, No. 3) he dropped his left hand on a jarring wrong note at the cadence; and when he appeared to be on the way to a stirring conclusion of Schumann's "Carnaval" that would offset some earlier eccentricities, he lapsed into a maestoso tempo for the concluding section, which made one wonder whether it was the "Davisbündler" marching against the Philistines, or vice versa.

For much of the time, it seemed to me, it was uncertain which prevailed—Samson or François. This esthetic schizophrenia found him inclined to an all-out attack on, of all things in "Carnaval," the "Chiarina" section, leading to a palpably overfast tempo for the following tribute by Schumann to Chopin. But his "Reconnaissance" was fine, as was the ensuing "Pantalon et Colombine." He was longest at his inconsistent best in the preceding "Papillons," for which he commands many of the required qualities—lightness, grace, poetry. Could he always play as well as he does now and then, France would have another keyboard artist worthy of any name by which he chose to be known.

By the turn of fate which prevented Fritz Reiner from fulfilling his fall engagement, the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra's public had the opportunity to participate in sixtieth birthday greetings to Aaron Copland, who took his place. On this occasion Copland was more conductor-composer than composer-conductor, for his own works were limited to the "Symphonic Ode" and "El Salon Mexico" (neither, of course, new). They were prefaced by the "Iphigénie en Aulide" overture of Gluck and the Violin Concerto of Dvorák, for which John Corigliano had been announced as soloist many months ago.

This being an arrangement of necessity rather than preference, Copland can be exonerated from comparison with interpreters of Gluck and Dvorák whose primary business this is. His musical purpose was pure enough, and sound enough, in both; but effective conducting is more than a downbeat and a cue periodically. There was little distinction between various planes of sonorities, or more than rudimentary refinement in the balancing of choirs behind the soloist. Corigliano played Dvorák as Corigliano plays most everything: with a steady stream of good but not luxurious violin sonority, ample but not uncommon technique, a bland kind of musical seasoning.

OF rather more interest was the first performance of Largo for Strings ("In Memoriam"), by Arnold Franchetti. If the composer's name has some ring of familiarity, it is less on his own account than on his father's, whose "Germania" was performed both at Covent Garden and the Metropolitan fifty years ago. "In Memoriam" identifies the work of this Franchetti as an expression of bereavement for his wife, who died in 1956. The communication rises above the personal to the general by reason of Franchetti's warm sense of string sound, his superior craftsmanship and discriminating taste. In conception a contrapuntal dialogue, it moves with a sure sense of direction to a closing summation of considerable finesse. As in the performance of his own works, the Philharmonic personnel added intuition to indoctrination to give Copland their maximum effort on his behalf and Franchetti's.



This being a week of repetitions at the Metropolitan, it may be noted that in his recent dealings with the press, Rudolf Bing has come out flat-footedly in favor of ignorance rather than enlightenment. It is not news, of course, that the energetic and sometimes headstrong director of the Metropolitan has on occasions taken issue with individual writers whose opinion of his achievements differ from his own. It is not news, because he has done it on the radio for all to hear. But he has now taken issue with the whole musical press of New York by denying them future access to the dress rehearsals of the Metropolitan's new productions, a privilege they have enjoyed nearly fifty times in his ten years as director.

The reason stated in a courteously phrased, coolly hostile letter is: "It seems to me unfair for artists to be judged at a rehearsal which has to be scheduled in the morning or early afternoon when they can scarcely be expected to be at their best." The reference is to the only new production of the season thus far, Verdi's "Nabucco," whose reception was far from universally approving.

On one point Mr. Bing and I are in agreement: two of the principals (no matter which ones) performed far below their capacities at the rehearsal. But that is the purpose rehearsals serve, as critics must, or should, know. Both performed up to standard at the opening performance. Nevertheless, some who had *not* attended the dress rehearsal found this "Nabucco" lacking, while others who had, found it mostly admirable. This is as normal as differing tastes in food and drink.

In his letter, Mr. Bing states that "an unfavorable impression is usually the most lasting: to revise such an impression perhaps only a day or two later may be asking too much. . . ." If such a lack of understanding on the part of a professional critic prevails, the way in which to correct it is not to limit still further the critic's opportunity to know his business, but, instead, to invite him to a lot more rehearsals.

Nobody likes bad reviews—singers, conductors, opera directors, critics when they write books. The only way in which they can be positively prevented is: a) Don't sing, conduct, produce operas, or write books; or b) if you do, don't invite opinions of them. The logical thing for Mr. Bing to do is not merely to exclude them from a dress rehearsal, where they might learn something, but also from the performance itself.

P.S.: He just might.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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USA

Continued from page 25

sis on the widely publicized Kefauver investigation of drugs and drug advertising. Ralph Lee Smith handles this neatly in one brief chapter which carries the fantastic story from the first whisper of enormous drug company profits, through the investigation of John Lear, *The Saturday Review*'s science editor, the exposé, the Federal Trade Commission complaints, the charges of the Kefauver Commission, the denials of wrongdoing by spokesmen of the major drug firms, and the bewilderment of the American public. The Michelfelder report on the Senatorial happenings is more heated, and more diffuse. Throughout the book, Senator Kefauver's findings provide strong support for many of the author's objections to organized medicine.

What of the American physician who has no time for medical politics? In his final chapter, Mr. Michelfelder writes of "distinguished practitioners who are genuinely concerned about the drug scandals that are giving their profession an odious reputation it does not deserve."

This could not have come as a complete surprise to America's M.D.s. It is doubtful that the average physician is so absorbed by his practice that he gives no thought to medicine's growing social and economic implications. Even though he has little time for reading his medical journals, he has followed the results of the Kefauver investigation. In his hospital work, he has observed that costs are rising, while the hospitals are going broke. In his office, he sees the often disappointing results of the Blue Cross-Blue Shield plans.

CERTAINLY, the doctor has not been unaware of the high-powered medical advertising and the constant plugging of "brand name" pharmaceuticals. He did not need a Senate investigation to convince him that it is wiser to consult the *United States Pharmacopoeia* on the safety and clinical value of a drug, than to prescribe the compound on the say-so of a visiting "detail man."

Yet William Michelfelder is right; there *are* "ominous rumblings inside organized medicine." Even the most reticent physician is ready to admit that the unpleasant, often shocking revelations of the past two years have been "healthy" for his profession.

The famous "Trussell Report" with its prolonged objective study of Blue Cross hospitalization proved to be "disquieting stuff" for organized medicine. In the wake of the Congressional hearings, the American Medical Association voted in June, 1960, to undertake a year-long study (not "investigation") of the drug field. More recently, the AMA announced the launching of a "comprehensive study and action program" in which its Commission on Medical Care Costs will attempt to guide "the consumer in spending his health care dollars more wisely." And the Health, Education, and Welfare Department has appointed a special advisory committee to review the procedure of the Food and Drug Administration in the acceptance of new drugs.

So far as the drug companies and their advertising are concerned, there will be few drastic changes as a result of the Congressional hearings, Ralph Lee Smith concludes. Instead, they are expanding their promotional programs; they will spend more money in 1961 than in 1960, although they admit "in better ways to reach the doctors." They may more carefully scrutinize their medical advertising. "But the $5,000 a year in promotion that the drug industry spends on your doctor will probably go up," predicts Mr. Smith. His unhappy conclusion: "The public loses, the medical profession loses, but the profits continue to grow."

Conservation in Concrete

"The Human Side of Urban Renewal," by Martin Millspaugh and Gurney Breckenfeld *(Washburn. 233 pp. $4.50), and* ***"The Squeeze," by Edward Higbee*** *(Morrow. 329 pp. $5.95), examine the consequences of the fast growth of our city populations. Robert A. Low, assistant to New York's Mayor Wagner, helped launch the first neighborhood conservation program in that city.*

By Robert A. Low

MILLIONS of Americans in more than a thousand cities are already living in publicly financed low-rent housing projects or in some type of publicly assisted housing such as cooperatives, middle-income projects, or apartments constructed under the federal slum-clearance program known as Title I. But even this gigantic effort isn't enough. Metropolitan populations continue to swell, and many city-dwellers are still forced to live in substandard housing. Thus, urban citizens and officials are constantly seeking other ways to provide decent living conditions.

One method is known as the "bulldozer approach," which involves demolition and new construction. But this, it has been found, cannot salvage our cities, because removal of all inadequate dwellings and their replacement with new construction requires federal help in billions of dollars way beyond any budget now in sight. And the "bulldozer approach" has drawbacks: demolition of slums forces the displacement and consequent relocation of tenants, often creating slum conditions elsewhere.

If cities were to depend entirely upon new construction of public housing at the present rate, millions of urban residents would be compelled to suffer inadequate living conditions for a generation to come before they could expect a new apartment. Meanwhile more and more newcomers would be added to the waiting line.

Another approach is rehabilitation of existing dwellings. Several major cities have embarked on experimental programs in this area. But it is a big job. For this approach requires not only changing the existing living conditions, but also the attitudes of tenants and landlords.

"The Human Side of Urban Renewal" is a review, under a Fund for Adult Education grant, of efforts by citizens' groups to rehabilitate neighborhoods in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, and Baltimore. The complexity of the task is reflected in the conclusion to the report of the Baltimore Pilot Area program:

> In case after case, the housing problems were entangled with other problems, which required the expert attention of almost every form of social, legal, and educational service that the community could provide.

In all the projects studied, the communities made clear gains. Cleanliness replaced filth. General appearance improved. "The change in the neighborhood in Baltimore was not merely aesthetic. The elimination of trash and garbage, combined with work on walls and basements, soon starved out the rat population. For the first time they could remember, hundreds of mothers did not have to live in fear that rats would attack their babies."

After initial fear and resentment of housing and health inspectors, many slum dwellers came to welcome the assistance they were given in correcting violations, and learning how to finance

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improvements and extricate themselves from heavy debts. Bi-racial councils made some progress in relieving racial tensions in Chicago's Hyde Park area and Baltimore's Pilot Project area, where there was a great influx of Negroes from other parts of the city or from marginal southern tenant farms.

But nowhere, with the possible exception of Chicago's Back of the Yards area, were the basic causes of blight eliminated. And there, a neighborhood council operated in a relatively homogeneous area for fourteen years before physical rehabilitation of properties was begun. In Baltimore, when the impetus of the two-year pilot program was removed, the neighborhood deteriorated because blighting influences remained, and no amount of good will and energy could permanently rehabilitate the neighborhood.

Although this Fund for Adult Education Study does not touch upon the special problems of New York City, they are worth mention here, for in New York difficulties are magnified many times. Although New York City already shelters one-fourth of the nation's housing project dwellers—almost half a million people—the city's problems are intensified by acute space limitations and consequent unparalleled overcrowding, and by the vast numbers of newcomers who arrive without experience in urban living. In areas where slum conditions are bad, but not hopeless, the City has set up "Neighborhood Conservation Districts." In these areas a program of assistance to landlords has been inaugurated in which a private real estate management firm is retained to teach the landlords how to maintain and repair their properties and how to obtain necessary credit and financing to do the job. At the same time the City has assigned representatives of such City Agencies as Health, Welfare, Buildings and Sanitation to deal with the "multi-problem" families in the Districts.

AND New York has tightened its law enforcement program. A housing court has been established to make sure that all building violations come before experienced judges. The number of occupants in one room has been limited; children under sixteen years of age are no longer permitted to move into single-room dwelling units. A resident janitor (or one living close by) is required in dwellings with nine or more apartments; tax concessions are extended to landlords for improvements such as central heating; and increased light is required in common hallways.

Good results have been obtained by such measures, but the local authorities can go only so far. In light of the limited scope of the various approaches to the problems of housing and blight, what are the prospects for saving and rejuvenating America's great cities?

In "The Squeeze," Edward Higbee, a student of land utilization, takes a penetrating and panoramic look at the urban picture, particularly the human rehabilitation aspect of renewal programs. He notes that whereas cities in the United States formerly collected more taxes than the Federal Government, by 1955 cities were collecting eleven billion dollars largely in property taxes while the Federal Government had moved up to seventy-three billion through the income tax.

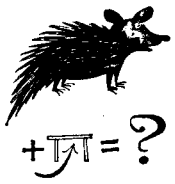
> While city people pay most of the state and federal taxes, the city itself no longer is master of its own fiscal destiny. Nevertheless, the habit of expectations has outlived the habit of income and the city is still relied upon to provide the most in education, charity, transportation facilities, police and fire protection, water supply, sewage disposal, cultural development, parks and recreation. No wonder the city, which has the poorest resources, has recently failed to do its job as well as it did when it was chief tax collector.

Mr. Higbee quotes an official of the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods (ACTION):

"While we have a million more slum dwellers than we have farm dwellers, the allocation of federal expenditures is $3,000 per farm family and only $84 per urban slum family."

The influx of Southern Negroes and immigrants from Puerto Rico into our large cities fills a need of the labor market, but the experience of large cities, according to Mr. Higbee, is that these groups require a higher portion of municipal services during their periods of adjustment to big city living. He suggests that the increased financial burdens as a result of these population movements should be a federal responsibility because "they are manifestations of change throughout the economy and social order rather than consequences of any city's independent internal policy."

MR. HIGBEE is critical of the dependence of cities on the property tax which, he says, encourages landlords to neglect their properties in order to reduce appraised values. Moreover, he states, the "per capita revenue base shrinks while service obligations increase" under present property taxing. His conclusion: "Unless it soon receives a larger share of federal revenues to ease the crush of education and welfare costs, the city is doomed to mediocrity in its other public services."



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

VERBAL ARITHMETIC

For plus *Metric weight* equals *plan of procedure*—that is to say, PRO plus GRAM equals PROGRAM. Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, offers ten examples of this technique and asks you to solve them. Answers are on page 39.

1. – – – (hairy animal skin)	plus – – – – – (underneath)	equals – – – – – – – – (frill)
2. – – – (water barrier)	plus – – – (inquire)	equals – – – – – – (patterned fabric)
3. – – – (writing instrument)	plus – – – – – (monotonous song)	equals – – – – – – – – (taste or inclination)
4. – – – – – – (layers)	plus – – – (precious stone)	equals – – – – – – – – – (artifice)
5. – – – – (stiffly neat)	plus – – – (consumed)	equals – – – – – – – (man or monkey)
6. – – – (one-horse carriage)	plus – – – – – (caper)	equals – – – – – – – – (enormous
7. – – – – (sloping walk)	plus – – – (years old)	equals – – – – – – – (violent behavior)
8. – – – – – (open, plain)	plus – – – (vase)	equals – – – – – – – – (capsize)
9. – – – – (harbor)	plus – – – – (competent)	equals – – – – – – – – – (easily carried)
10. – – – – (stern)	plus – – – (skilled person)	equals – – – – – – – (wry face)

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Old Presses Never Die

"The Fading American Newspaper," by Carl Lindstrom *(Doubleday. 277 pp. $3.95), laments the lack of standards in newspaper journalism today. A staff member of the New York Herald Tribune for twenty-four years, Richard L. Tobin is communications editor for SR.*

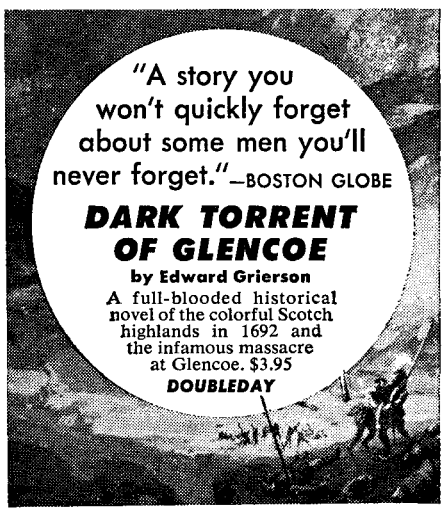
By Richard L. Tobin

ALL of the commonly recognized flaws of the newspaper business, including the cliché that it is a decadent and dying one, are to be found in this curiously uneven and humorless book by a working newspaperman whose successful editorial career goes back forty years. Its title, "The Fading American Newspaper," sets the mood. Nothing in the newspaper business seems to please Mr. Lindstrom now, though his professional life must seem pointless in retrospect if, in fact, he detests his trade so bitterly. The curious thing is that every now and again the hymn of hate subsides and valuable chords come through, as in his sound discussion of the dangers of growing monopoly among the consolidating press. When Mr. Lindstrom fears so very many one-newspaper cities, he is a genuine critic worth our attention. But when he wails that puzzles, columnists, sports, advice to the lovelorn, comic strips, local news (in preference to foreign news), pictorial journalism, and Rotarian do-gooding have little or no function in the modern daily, he is either ignoring the fundamental interests of the average American newspaper reader or has forgotten what he must surely have known as Executive Editor of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*. For under Mr. Lindstrom's guidance the *Times* became mighty successful—added first-rate coverage of books, music, the arts, and science, and performed precisely the sort of service he wishes for all newspaper readers.

Mr. Lindstrom concludes that "as there will always be an England, so there will always be newspapers. They never die—fade as they will—and, like soldiers, they brag about it." The difficulty with his book is that one simply cannot tell at its end whether the author is saddened by the fading of the American press or somehow inwardly if bitterly pleased that the newspaper is at last getting its comeuppance. Perhaps this is a clue to the book: in the first fifty pages the words "irritating," "irritation," "irritate," "irritated," etc., appear a score of times. Since in Oscar Wilde's phrase all criticism is a form of autobiography, one should, perhaps, search Mr. Lindstrom's professional career for events and embroideries journalistic that goadingly "irritated" him into such bitterness.

When Mr. Lindstrom moves into a stout and logical defense of journalism schools, of John Hersey's splendid technique of disaster reporting ("witnessing a vast event through the eyes of one or a few victims"), of the high quality of news copy editing and the present woeful lack of good grammar and spelling, his book holds the reader's interest. The book contains, moreover, one useful appendix on the canons of journalism by the American Society of Newspaper Editors and two more, cleverly designed as guides for the study of newspaper content. But an index would be valuable; so would greater care with names, dates, and places which newspapermen adore (the author calls the *Morro Castle*, for instance, a "Bermuda" liner, and spells Russel Crouse's first name with the inevitable two "l"s).

Two of the best chapters concern critical writing and reviewing, a field close to the author's heart in his lifelong determination to raise the standards of his craft and improve readers' minds. Here he justly attacks certain techniques within the profession of journalism and does not lambaste the entire profession.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Fiction

Continued from page 22

Jahoda could not resist doing a play-by-play account of the oft-done London fire. (And neither could this reviewer.) There is a somewhat unnecessary murder. But the story is believable and moving. Its people are people we care about. Time sequences are interwoven with a skill an older novelist might envy. The real strength of the book, however, is in its depth of feeling, its quiet intensity, and controlled, unerring poetry of style. The author lived this book as she wrote it, something we all hope for, but cannot always do.

DELIGHTFULLY ABSURD: Noel Coward's **"Pomp and Circumstance"** (Doubleday, $3.95) is a lighthearted account of colonial life on a tropical island. Though this is Mr. Coward's first novel, it turns out to be the best work he has ever done.

It bears a curious relationship to his plays. In this novel he is both very much like himself and very different from himself. He is like himself in the polish of his dialogue. Mr. Coward's characters do not grunt at each other. Nor do they spout prose-poetry at each other. They are persistently, almost belligerently, witty. They cannot open their mouths without producing an epigram. This, I admit, becomes wearing at times; every so often the reader feels the impulse to interrupt these people with a firm "Shut up!"

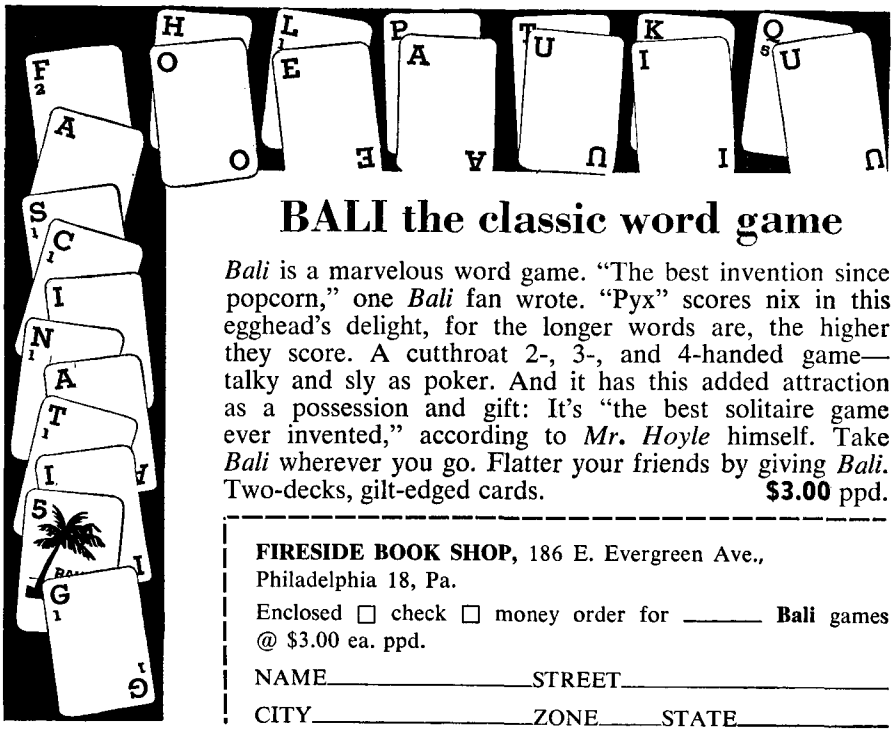
Mr. Coward is like himself also in the cheerful, indestructible snobbishness of his point of view. The rich, the well born, and the well educated are his gods. He is almost incapable of being objective about them. The heroine and narrator of his novel, the wife of a colonial planter, is one of these people, and Mr. Coward is in a constant state of adoration at all her pronouncements on life and art—though to a less captivated observer she is sometimes a pain in the neck. Mr. Coward pokes fun at snobs, of course—at all kinds of snobs—but always from the vantage point of that higher snob who takes his own superiority for granted.

SO MUCH for the old Noel Coward. What really gives "Pomp and Circumstance" its distinction is the presence of a Noel Coward largely unknown in his plays. For the first time he really seems to care about his people, to look on their foibles and their problems not only with amusement but with tenderness, affection, and concern. The central situation—a futile and comic love affair between an aging playboy and a rather stupid society beauty—is handled with a delicacy and sympathy that Mr. Coward has achieved only once before, in his film "Brief Encounter." His success in producing real pathos without spoiling the comedy makes this new achievement even more impressive.

And underneath the comedy and the tenderness is an odd strain of sadness. Though nobody dies and nothing the least bit grim occurs, the novel is pervaded by a sense of mortality, of the impermanence of youth, the passing of time, the inevitability of old age and death. The gay and cockeyed events, the absurd and delightful people, are seen as a blaze of light surrounded by a vast darkness. This creates an effect which is extremely moving and satisfying.

Noël Coward is mellowing, and it is all to the good. —JAMES YAFFEE.

ANGRY TEACHER: Sheila Solomon Klass has written her first novel, **"Come Back on Monday"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.95), out of the angry mind and the torn heart of a teacher. More than once in her seven years in a New York City junior high school, Mrs. Klass must have been forced to cry out with the anguished self-condemnation of her protagonist, Deborah Lieb, that



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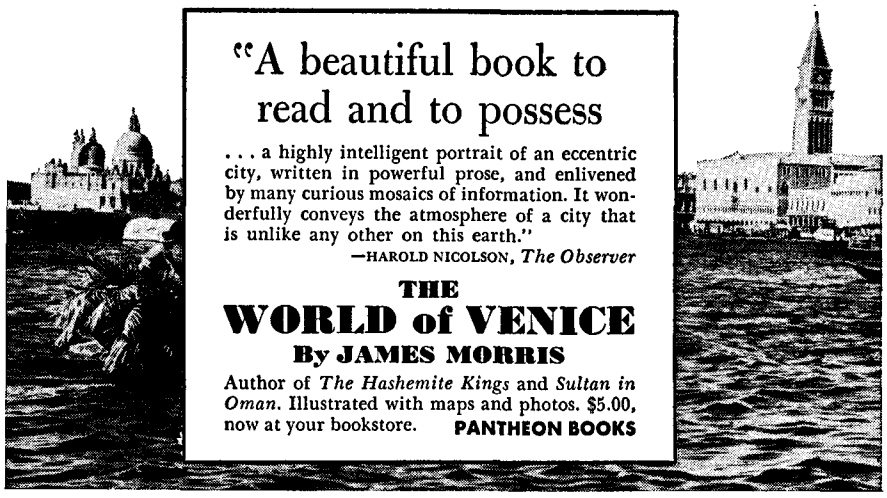

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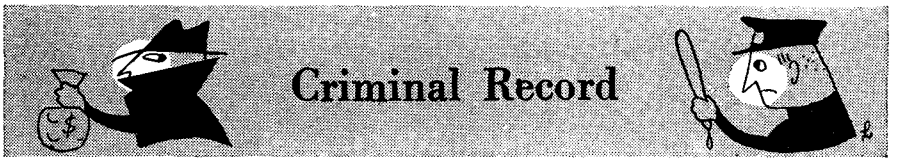
bitter sentence which ends her book: "It was nobody's Barbara . . . That's the whole trouble. It was nobody's Barbara at all."

This is not a book about juvenile delinquency. If anything, it is an attempt to dramatize those innumerable delinquencies of which all the members of a school and a community are guilty when their personal fears and ambitions become overwhelming distractions. It is a story of Harlem; of Negro newspapers seizing upon ammunition for their war against segregation. It is a tale of school administrators seeking to escape, having *served their time* in a tough district; of older teachers trying almost beyond hope to carry on the good work they have been doing; of young teachers just beginning to feel the murderous waters touch the flame ends of their illusions. And it is the tragedy of Negro girls grasping desperately at the last symbol of identity and dignity, the eight-dollar white club jacket. It is one week in the life of a school.

Whatever pain one has felt, having been part of such a week, is renewed, not as it really was, but as through a filter for essences. Situations are laid out too clearly, characters fixed too firmly, so that the obscure emulsion of life is skimmed off. The filtering itself is visible in this novel, each drop making itself known as it forms on the underside of the filtering cloth and breaks away to fall into the container. One wishes that Mrs. Klass had poured the whole mess in, had let go with heart and tears and anger, even if some of the overflow had to be lost, because this novel is too controlled, too sharp for feeling. And yet, "Come Back on Monday" ought not to be missed, in the same way that one cannot afford to miss the logical exposure of motives and of the drives that lie beneath any human problem.

—Charles Calitri.



MURDER ON WALL STREET. *By John B. Ethan. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Victor Grant, management consultant (i.e., private eye) explores stock-jobbing plot that is fatal to three; cigarette syntax employed. Beware those brokers!

THE BERLIN COURIERS. *By James McGovern. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. Yank war vet, now West Coast aero engineer, takes West Berlin espionage assignment and finds going sticky, not to say lethal. Adult and fast.

THEY NEVER CAME BACK. *By Allen Churchill. Crime Club.* $2.95. Eight true-tales (1784-1955, all U.S.) recite hunt for as many individuals (men, women, children) who vanished from human ken. Nice attention-holder.

A TAPPING ON THE WALL. *By Helen Hull. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. English prof develops wife-hate; pair of colleagues also displease him; he ponders murder and there are deaths. (This tale won publisher's 3G award for best mystery by U.S. or Canadian college faculty member.) *Magna cum laude.*

PITFALL IN AUGUST. *By Howard Roman. Harper.* $3.95. Engineering student takes room in home of elderly recent widow; meets her timid sister (nice gal of own age), also Grade A mystery. A little long, but well handled throughout.

ASSIGNMENT IN IRAQ. *By Allan MacKinnon. Crime Club.* $2.95. English tutor accepts Baghdad post but finds intrigue is more thrilling and more dangerous; Pakistan and India included on tour. Sprightly and sparkling, with fine geography, anthropology.

DINE AND BE DEAD. *By Gwendoline Butler. Macmillan.* $2.95. When Oxford don (female) is eyed by mysterious male stranger, her friends are concerned; ex-army officer next door (Indian service) helpful; then knife takes life. Know your English university patter well to twig this.

SEVEN LIES SOUTH. *By William P. McGivern. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Yank expatriate in Spain, seeking employment, gets into hassle that involves Moroccan journey, two women. Excellent travelogue, neatly managed.

THE PICKLED POODLES. *By Larry M. Harris. Random House.* $2.95. Chicago characters made famous by the late Craig Rice (John J. Malone, Captain Daniel von Flanagan, et al.) are here restored to violent activity by former collaborator. Has authentic ring.

THE GOLDEN MAN. *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $2.95. Baltimore gal, snatched on way to wedding near New York-Connecticut line, wonders why; police activity minimal but conclusive; two die. Harrowing dame-in-dire-straits job.

MURDER PREFERRED. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $4.95. Three-ply omnibus revives "The Patriotic Murders," "A Murder Is Announced," and "Murder in Retrospect" (1940-42); Hercule Poirot shines in first and third, Miss Jane Marple, in second. A real bonanza.

THE CRIME-HATERS. *By Gordon Ashe. Crime Club.* $2.95. Pat Dawlish, Yard ace, takes off for Amsterdam in campaign to halt international skulduggery; anonymous feminine informer imperiled. Conventional.

GHOST BLONDE. *By Mark Derby. Viking.* $3.50. Nicko Strang, London investigator, flies to Singapore on sort of holiday, but business turns brisk and there are deaths. Nice trip to Malay Peninsula.

THE CASE OF THE SHAPELY SHADOW. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $2.95. Perry Mason and crew look into killing that involves hanky-panky with railroad-station baggage lockers; D. A. Ham Burger comes usual cropper in roaring courtroom climax. Still on the beam.

A STRANGER IN MY GRAVE. *By Margaret Millar. Random House.* $3.50. Young West Coast matron plumbs mystery of her supposed "death" four years previously; Steve Pinata, sympathetic and intelligent private eye, goes all out to help. Characteristically superior performance.

THE VAN LANGEREN GIRL. *By Brian Cooper. Vanguard.* $3.50. British intelligence major, assigned job of testing loyalty of Eurasian beauty in Indian hill-country, listens to vivid recital of events in which he had share. Presentation is sensitive, authentic, and highly effective.

HEAVEN KNOWS WHO. *By Christianna Brand. Scribner.* $3.95. Full treatment here for famous fact murder case (Jess MacPherson, Glasgow, 1862) which will be familiar to followers of late William Roughead. One of last century's greatest crime puzzles is presented in comprehensive and exciting detail.

TOO MANY CLIENTS. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $2.95. Archie Goodwin stirs stumps when body of plastics tycoon turns up in Manhattan excavation; mean Inspector Cramer rides herd on Nero Wolf, but big fellow gets the answer. Easily among his best.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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Correspondents

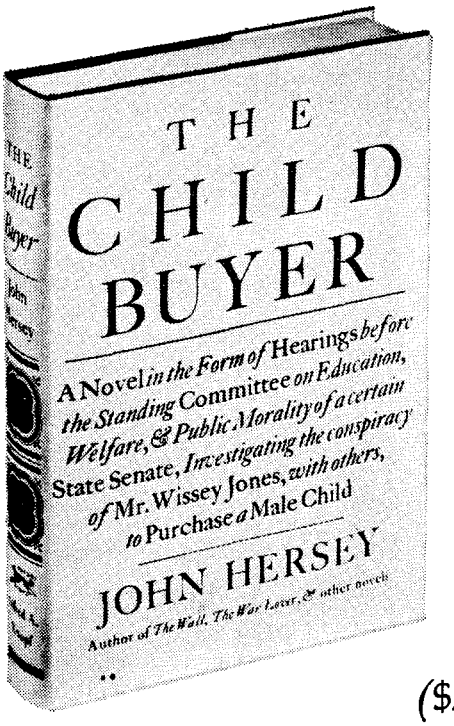
Continued from page 24

on the unconquerable enemy realities. That passage, cited by the early Freud, is appropriate in theme for Freud in his later years.

> Let us consult
> What reinforcement we may gain
> from hope;
> If not, what resolution from despair.

But immediately he says to Martha that he has "no use for this mood." Paradise never has been lost, and therefore cannot be regained. But what of those who are not members of Milton's mysterious community of the elect by desperate resolution? Or of Freud's even more mysterious one? Pity the poor Gentile; or, if not, pity the half-Gentiles of American intellectual Jewry. Freud was not long on pity; and certainly had none for the Gentiles. Yet there is an early letter in which he fans his envy, suggesting to Martha that perhaps he will "try and live more like the Gentiles—modestly, learning and practicing the usual things and not striving after discoveries and delving too deep." The mood did not persist. Freud was his own ideal Jew, not a half-Gentile of the real Jewish world but a fantasy Moses, lonely and estranged as he leads the large remainder of himself, resisting, through the "magic world of intellect and unhappiness" from one small oasis of rational insight to another, with no promises of a promised land this time around. Such a powerfully useful self-image, once deeply buried, is not easily given up.

Being, in youth and age, a lonely man, Freud sought love and loyal company with an ardor that these letters express in a permanently readable way. Martha Bernays became his first chosen person. (Later, there was Fliess.) In the love letters that make up approximately the first and most interesting third of this volume, the young Freud is engaged in the training of his bride-to-be. Martha did not understand him; Sigmund is determined that she should. After all, the circumstances were strained. He had proposed before he really knew her. He was twenty-three, and he had decided to marry. In the four years of their affianced courtship, he educates her to him, so that, despite the revolutions brewing in his mind, he can enjoy the safety of marriage. He "picks her to pieces," so finely that at times she must have protested; he then promises to restrain his analytic thrust. But, through all the pedagogy of these letters, he is grateful to her: the promise of her lifelong company and confidence has saved him from "the worst fate,"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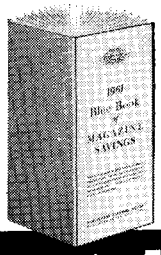

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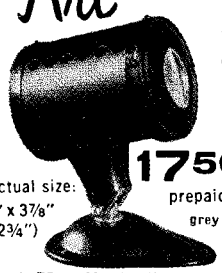

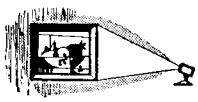

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loneliness. His gratitude permits him to unbend with her; otherwise he is never deprived of his pride in being alone.

Freud needed a standard Jewish marriage, in which the wife is queen and keeper of a standard Jewish household. From this bridgehead of tradition, Freud, the theoretician, invaded the whole rotten empire of the family, without running the ultimate risk of cutting himself off from the devout practice of the principles of its creed. No more compulsively moral man ever has explored the compulsiveness of morality. This prince of the modern moral quandary needed a princess remote precisely from that quandary, completely untouched by it. Not that the courtship, following the engagement and conducted through the mails, was easy. Freud was no tame Jewish doctor; he did not want his wife so tamed that she would not have an idea of what he was about. His letters to Martha function as deliberate revelations of himself, a first playing out of his tremendous intelligence upon the special case of their own relation. These love letters serve a double purpose: they prepare her for marriage to him; he prepares himself for his long, tenacious contest with life, one in which he knew he could not become an old style hero, winning through in one decisive battle with himself, but rather holding his own and learning how to give better than he got.

Freud was lucky the first time. Desperate loneliness can lead to errors in judgment. But when he decided to fall in love, and did so with Martha, promptly, at first sight, his gamble succeeded. His later, secondary attempts to break through his loneliness were not as fortunate. First-rate disciples can be trained, but they do not easily compose themselves into members of an intellectual family, even when that family is fathered by a Freud. That he tried, hard and genuinely, to avoid his inevitable role is evident in the few letters to Jung, Ferenczi, Jones, and others here published. Max Eitingon actually insisted on symbolic adoption, as a son, into Freud's family. But we shall have to wait for fuller collections of letters to his disciples before a definitive assessment of this side of Freud's character can be attempted. I suspect that, when other volumes do appear, Freud's personal stature will grow rather than diminish. Meanwhile, these letters have their own classical merit: they can be read for their own sakes. However one judges the doctrine of Freud, the greatness of the man, as confirmed and elaborated in these letters, will touch the hearts even of those who read his doctrinal work with a closed mind.

Tongue-Tied Generation

Continued from page 17

from a bewildering multitude of sources. Finally, it could lend its voice and prestige toward improving the rewards and status of linguistic careers. It is not surprising that many gifted youngsters are reluctant to go into language work, for which the returns are often wretchedly meager. No less than ten years are required to train even a fledgling Chinese language and area expert, yet the compensation and job security which he may expect are vastly below those of a doctor or dentist, whose preparation is no more demanding. At the same time, the fringe benefits of foreign travel and study, and the opportunities to represent the U.S. Government abroad, are added incentives which need to be brought to the attention of youth in search of attractive vocations.

Such a program would also need to include a systematic campaign to inform the American public about our language backwardness and to secure

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their full support for the required changes. That the climate is becoming increasingly receptive to this is suggested by the recent rash of publicity accorded the topic by newspaper writers. In particular, the articles of *New York Times* columnist James Reston have done yeoman service in informing the layman.

A step in the right direction has been taken by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, which has organized "citizen consultations" in a number of communities. These are intended to orient both educators and laymen to the language problem. Increasing public school enrollments and improved community language facilities have been concrete results of the consultations. There is need for further support and action on the problem.

A program to bring us up-to-date linguistically must also include the overhauling of language instruction. The outmoded methods that have made language study anathema to generations of young Americans must be scrapped in favor of techniques that make full use of the most modern aids and electronic equipment. The nation's 30,000 foreign language teachers need to retool their profession for the new requirements of a rapidly contracting world.

There are no sacrosanct or magic formulas for teaching a foreign language. Yet whatever techniques are employed, two major goals ought to be pursued. The first is the development of some ability to understand and speak the tongue. The second is the gaining of insight into the culture and values of the people who use it. The language teacher himself requires the best possible training to achieve these difficult goals. He must have a thorough knowledge of the language and its nuances, and know at firsthand the land and its people. Some basic notions of social psychology and cultural anthropology ought also to be part of his preparation. Thus equipped, he will not be a mere drillmaster of irregular verbs, but an effective interpreter of the dynamics of contemporary cultures.

Rewarded with a tangible skill which they can use for pleasure and profit, and equipped with a better understanding of foreign societies, young Americans will cease to be intransigent enemies of language study and will emerge as its most ardent enthusiasts.

The day of the smug and insular citizen who says "Let 'em learn English" is happily passing. America can no longer afford to raise generations of monoglots, tongue-tied as soon as they leave their native shores. A nation of linguists is needed, capable not only of understanding foreign cultures, but also of interpreting their society to other—often skeptical—peoples.

Literary Haven

Continued from page 26

now, a Russian. The one thing certain is that the relationship must be found and will be, and is quite as likely to be discovered—indeed is more likely to be discovered—abroad than at home. Of the poems which answered me in this peremptory and recognizing way —poems, I mean, by men more or less my contemporaries—some were written by Americans but more, I think, by others. I remember the *warmth* which Saint-John Perse's "Anabase" left in my mind and hands, though Perse himself was then hidden from me not only by his concealing name but by the Quai d'Orsay, where I should not have dared to go. And I remember, later, the weight and feel of Spender's first book, though I had not then met him and would not for many years. And the *presentness* of Lorca. And the almost audible voice of Guillen. Eluard. Apollinaire. These were nearer because they were farther. Or, perhaps, because they were farther, I felt them nearer as one does with Li Po whom, alive and near, one could not have approached.

IT was this, I think, that *Botteghe Oscure* made possible for the distracted generation in many languages and countries whose work it published. They felt each other's presence and so came to an enhanced sense of their own. A young writer cannot find another through a critic: the critic, however impersonal he may attempt to be, still stands between like a glazed door. The work itself is the only messenger, and Marguerite Caetani knew that. In an ignorant, nationalistic, and fanatical time, paralyzed by public hatreds, she kept a small flow of international literature alive and gave hundreds of young writers, in the loneliness of their defeated work, the hope that they too might become a generation—perhaps the first of all the literary generations to inherit the wholeness of the world.

—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

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(Continued from page 39)

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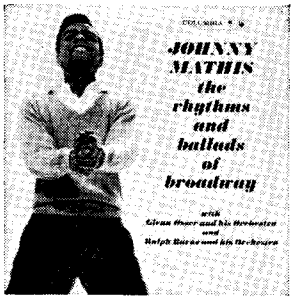

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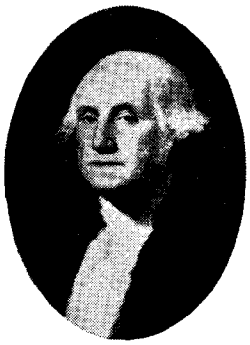

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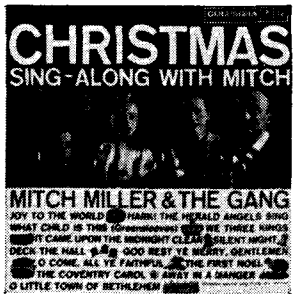

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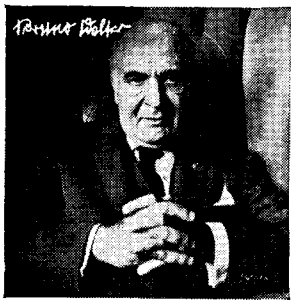

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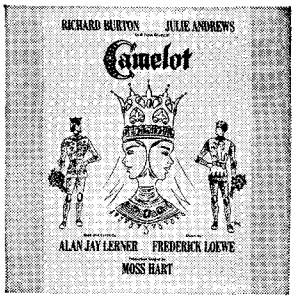

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GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

III. Sviatoslav Richter

By JAN HOLCMAN

THE outstanding Russian pianistic tradition built by such spirits as Rubinstein, Rachmaninoff, and Lhevinne is being maintained by their keyboard descendant, Sviatoslav Richter. Our listeners have known him since the mid-1950s from his recordings, and, of course, from various legends in circulation. The mention of one of his recent recordings often brings the reply: "Ah, this is nothing, you must hear him in the hall." Are these echoes of Schumann's comments on Liszt: "He must be heard, and also seen; if Liszt played behind the screen, a good deal of poetry would be lost"? New York concert-goers literally bought out the whole cycle of five consecutive recitals (from Haydn to Prokofiev), not to mention those violent admirers who broke the door and all precedents and entered his last recital without tickets. Richter's crashing success was unanimously acclaimed by audiences, critics, and those leading virtuosos who came to Carnegie Hall this time as mere guests.

Fair commentaries on his recitals must cover at least two general areas: the public receptivity, including his physical appeal, and the esthetics of his interpretive art. The complex mechanics of a public reaction and the search for a correlation between the quality of each performance and the collected bravos would itself make quite a revealing study. In general, Richter is not an artist to be fully "understood" at once, although he may be at once appreciated. It takes less time to like his playing than to grow accustomed to some of his conceptions, and the fact that we can accept these interpretations before fully comprehending their logic shows how convincing they are or, at least, how magnetic his stage personality is.

The usual "duet" between the public and the artist is far more complicated than that in a musical composition. When the artist has the fortune to be well applauded after a poor encore his "success" may be attributed to countless factors. He may collect bravos from faithful admirers; from those who hope their "bravo" will encourage him to play another, more stimulating encore; from a listener in whom is evoked some sentimental reminiscences ("Clair de lune"); or, finally, he may be applauded out of mercy. Naturally, in listening to his music, one involuntarily adds together the live Richter performing in Carnegie, the Richter from his best recordings, and the Richter magnified by the press. And, in turn, what would a listener say if he heard Richter play by some magic exactly the way a lesser master played here last year? Yet one must realize that in these canons of enthusiasm and censure the average public is not always wrong. And, it came rather as a pleasant surprise that Richter received less explosive applause after rendering the Chopin Etude Opus 10, No. 3, even though it is known here to some also as a popular song. Our public could have flattered itself in this particular instance—"Iturbism" didn't win—and here, surely, listeners did not applaud Richter for his legendary reputation.

The "physical Richter" is a curious phenomenon and adds to his public appeal. Very tall, he dwarfs his chair and lets his body participate freely in his performances. Richter's five recitals were actually ten, each musical concert having its physical counterpart. You could observe his broad movements in Rachmaninoff's C major Prelude, in Prokofiev's Sonata No. 8 (third movement), or in Debussy's "Mouvement," during which his whole body was engaged in a delicate dance-trance. You might have seen the gymnastics of his hands in the air on several occasions. All this, one can risk a guess, is a useful aid in achieving the perfect synchronization between his technique and a musical idea. Moreover, his superb coordination of manual movements itself justifies its occasional dramatic aspects, some of his poses being self-explanatory from a purely pianistic viewpoint. For instance, in the opening of Schumann's Fantasia, Richter placed his left foot to the outside of the piano bench to find a stronger support for the thunderous left hand—a position that would be condemned by every rational teacher. But the most peculiar and most "Richteresque" posture is that which resembles the strange position of a praying mantis, reached when the artist, stretched and slightly drawn back, plays with his head squeezed deeply into his collar, as if he had just jumped off the keys.

To begin with, it is quite difficult to establish a clear resemblance between his art and that of any other master of the keyboard. He differs from Michelangeli, and almost diametrically from the "intellectual" Gould. Neither does he resemble Lipatti, Rubinstein, or even the Soviet Ashkenazy, nor least of all the Russian Horowitz. Perhaps Petri? Schnabel? Gieseking? No. Rachmaninoff? No. Hofmann? Even more emphatically no. For Schnabel, Richter is too romantic; for, let us say, Godowsky, too temperamental. For Hofmann, he remains too steady in one *basic* conception.

Then whom does he recall? Richter resembles only Richter (and this not always) and, strangely enough, his individual characteristics are not so ex-

SR/RECORDINGS
NOVEMBER 26, 1960

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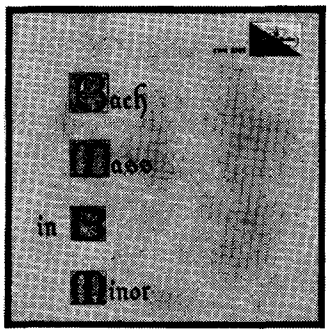

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plicitly "typical" as those of Hofmann (with his multi-conceptions), Rachmaninoff (with his dynamic and declamatory eloquence), or Gieseking (with his esoteric impressionistic pedal-images). Richter is "recognizable" after the *whole piece is performed* rather than in small parts, in contrast to other virtuosos like Michelangeli. Richter is not a pianist who endlessly polishes all details which a microscopic inspection would always reveal as "geometrically perfect." Take his imaginative reading of the Haydn sonata, which for all its rhythmic qualities and expressions, was not rendered by a keyboard jeweler as it might have been by Horowitz.

At some points Richter's irregularities could well have been attributed to his versatility. Could one positively say that he is a lyrical rather than a dramatic pianist or that he is contemplative rather than declamatory just because his punctuation is less explicit than Rachmaninoff's? He is as capable of bringing us from a warm to a cold shower of emotions as he is of switching in a single rope-dancer jump from *fff* to *ppp*, placed in entirely different registers. Thus, there are pieces in which his imagination and concentration dominate over passion, and it is with banked fire rather than volcanic flame that he approaches Chopin's "Revolutionary" Etude. Yet he can offer a truly passionate display of temperament, especially in his readings of Russian music. His irregularities extend to his muscular coordination. Usually very free, he has also been heard in rigid renderings. Furthermore, the same Richter differs considerably not only between composers, but also between the same composition as heard on a record and in the hall, and even between two sections of the same performance. These differences are, as we said, not "Hofmannesque"; they do not concern a different conception but a different degree of "inspiration" or even perfection which probably depends largely upon Richter's moods or pianistic form.

Perhaps most extraordinary is another controversial (or diversified) aspect of his pianism, the use of power. For his size and physical build, Richter is quite a "soft" performer. Being only occasionally rigid or hard, he is usually a gentle titan, and even his fortissimos are scarcely percussive (e.g., Beethoven's finales lacking here and there, rightly or wrongly, certain fury). But the story does not end here. His carefully measured vitality can be transformed into a boiling storm, and when he finally reaches his rare, overpowering climaxes they sound titanic (in Prokofiev) and even tyrannic (in Scriabin).

What actually dominates Richter's art—intellect or instinct? His seems partially an intellectual art, and it is mainly his varying disposition that makes this art more or less convincing. For the most part, Richter does not attempt to improve a composition by arbitrary expressions or colors, preferring to disclose and re-create those original ones indicated or hidden between the lines. He is "flying" very high to see better the entire land of the piece his imagination is about to visit.

Richter's individuality is expressed also in his choice of programs, which may seem more accidental at first sight than they are in fact. Perhaps some could argue the curious order of tonalities he selected for the ten Rachmaninoff Preludes as slightly digressing from a consistent "harmonic plan." But the choice of Beethoven sonatas might have been consciously or unconsciously oriented by his particular interest or addiction to certain pianistic figurations which seem to attract his attention and best suit his pianism. Such, at any rate, was the case with the last movements of all three sonatas, "Appassionata," the A flat, and F major. These are movements written in similar, continuous, mechanized sixteenths, the latter two bearing an unusual pianistic kinship.

Richter evidently favors a vocal treatment of lyrical and even orchestral episodes (like those in the Tchaikovsky Sonata) where his broad tonal pulsation resembles that of Italian singers. In pieces like Schumann's "Voice from the Distance," Richter is capable of singing out the melody with moving simplicity and delicate sonority. At the same time, the vocal approach does not justify *every* choice of pedaling (as in the somewhat blurred texture in Rachmaninoff's Prelude in A flat). Speaking of certain pedal-pianissimos, the word "etheric" may be understood as a compliment as well as an indictment. Perhaps Richter's search for sound found in Debussy an ideal vehicle, but these "etherisms" did not always emerge with an equal appeal.

Bordering on vocalization, there appears a remarkable degree of polyphonic awareness in Richter's pianism, as evident in his treatment of Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata (second movement), Schumann's F major Novellette (lyrical episodes), and in the Beethoven Sonata in A flat (e.g., variation IV). Hand in hand with polyphony

(*Cont. on page* 59)

The New Brahms No. 2

TREMENDOUS is the word for this product (RCA Victor LSC 2466, $5.98) of the mid-October performance in Orchestra Hall with which Sviatoslav Richter introduced himself to America with the Chicago Symphony under the direction of Erich Leinsdorf (vice Fritz Reiner, who is resting after an illness)—tremendous in power, tremendous in reproductive scope which takes the measure of Richter's pianism better than any previous reproduction.

But, after a hearing or two, it becomes apparent why Richter prefers the opening horn theme stated so ponderously. When it comes his turn to deal with it later, he does so with such massive resources that the relationship would be completely unbalanced otherwise. That is to say, it is a completely formulated concept from his point of view; but does it match Brahms? Not to my taste.

Richter shows his merits most in the Herculean stride of the scherzo, which he converts into some additional "Paganini Variations." In the slow movement, the quietly reflective opening is superbly played by the orchestra's new young principal cello, Robert La Marchina, and Richter, whose musicality can never be doubted even when tastes disagree, plays along with him in selfless partnership. Where the finale calls for dexterity, for keyboard spanning attack and riposte, Richter provides a lightning dart of sound that, for all its swiftness, rarely skips a key. But it deals only modestly in the grace, warmth, and wit which underlie the notes. Leinsdorf conducts, clearly, the kind of performance Richter wanted, the orchestra plays superbly and the recording combines bell-like clarity with tonal abundance. —I. K.

Richter and Leinsdorf

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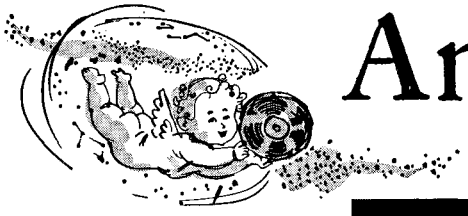

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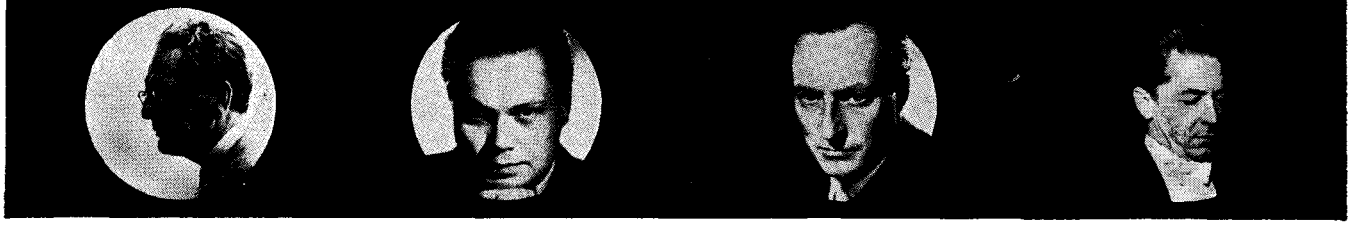

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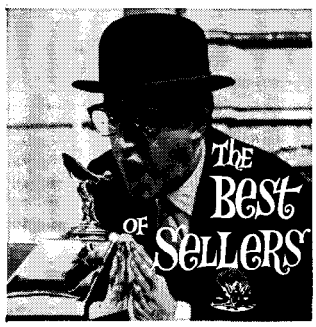

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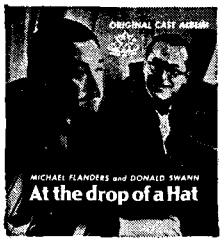


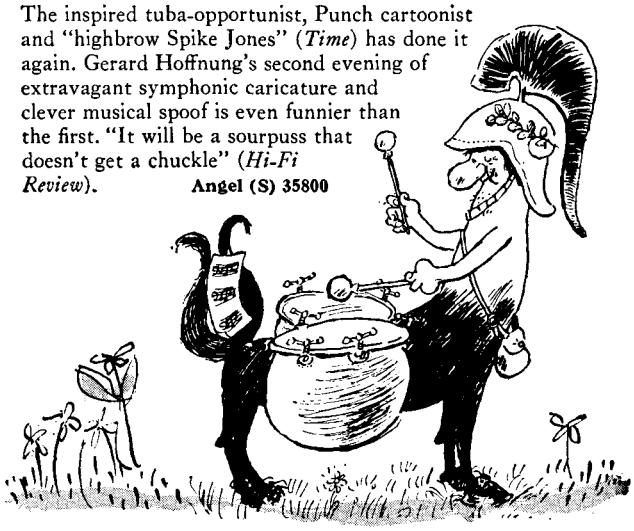
At the Drop of a Hat

Messrs. Flanders & Swann have taken to the U.S. road this season with their "lively, witty, literate, explosively funny" two-man revue (*N.Y. Herald Tribune*) after convulsing, successively, London audiences, Angel Record collectors, and Broadway audiences. Have you heard *At the Drop of a Hat*, yet? **Angel's Original Cast Album is (S) 35797**

The Hoffnung Interplanetary Music Festival

(*Very Far Out, Indeed*)

The inspired tuba-opportunist, Punch cartoonist and "highbrow Spike Jones" (*Time*) has done it again. Gerard Hoffnung's second evening of extravagant symphonic caricature and clever musical spoof is even funnier than the first. "It will be a sourpuss that doesn't get a chuckle" (*Hi-Fi Review*). **Angel (S) 35800**



Gilbert & Sullivan • Pinafore

"*What, Never?* Hardly ever" such a treat as Angel's all-star, all-British and buoyant stereo performances of Gilbert & Sullivan. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts.

Angel (S) 3589B/L 4 sides

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DON GIOVANNI

Mozart lovers have been waiting for this! A cast "as fine as could be assembled today" (*Opera News*) with 31-year-old *Eberhard Wächter* as Don Giovanni. *Elisabeth Schwarzkopf* as Elvira; the phenomenal Australian soprano, *Joan Sutherland*, as Donna Anna; *Giuseppe Taddei* as Leporello; *Graziella Sciutti* as Zerlina; *Luigi Alva* as Don Ottavio. Conducted by *Carlo Maria Giulini*, with the Philharmonia Orch. and Chorus. 8 sides, with complete bi-lingual libretto. **Angel (S) 3605 D/L**

DIE FLEDERMAUS

Viennese operetta never had it so good! Otto Ackermann, who has conducted 5 operettas for Angel, directs an all-Viennese cast in a bubbling Strauss performance that has all the nicest effects of champagne. Philharmonia Orch. 4 sides. **Angel (S) 3581 B/L**

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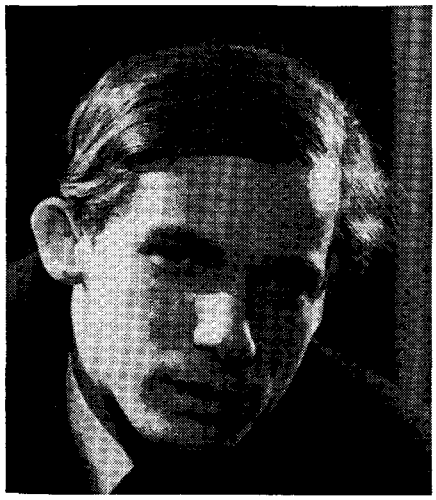
Bodky on Bach

By GLENN GOULD

"THE Interpretation of Bach's Keyboard Works," by Erwin Bodky (Harvard University Press, $10), is a curious work. It could easily bear the signature of two authors of diametrically opposed temperaments: one, the musicological child of our time—analytic, statistic-minded, intellectually aware of the clarity and definition our age has learned to appreciate in the art of the Baroque; the other, a typical turn-of-the-century academician, approaching Bach through the misty portals of symbolism and numerology and the fatuous sounds of transcribed approximations. It hardly seems possible that the same man who urges the Bach student to develop his interpretation through analysis of the internal evidence of a composition can, a few chapters later, seriously discuss the integral connection between the 14-note subject of the C major fugue from Volume I of "The Well-tempered Clavier" and the fact that the alphabet positions of the letters in the name of Bach total the number 14, and further that by adding the initials J.S. we can produce the inverted number 41 (my own addition stubbornly yields 43).

Fortunately, Professor Bodky applies himself in the main body of his work to more substantial inquiry, and the central chapters of the work deal with the demonstrable fields of tempi, dynamics, ornamentation, and articulation. The problems inherent in all of these fields relate to the "scarcity of material on performance practice in musical treatises of this period," to the widely held conviction "that there existed a kind of unwritten code which had been transferred from generation to generation as an oral tradition"—in short, that the composer of Bach's day did not always write what he really meant. Thus, between the composer and performer there existed such a special bond that the composer was disinclined to spend unnecessary effort in the detailed marking of a score and thereby insult the intelligence of the temperamental musicians with whom he had to associate. Professor Bodky therefore believes that only by the most careful scrutiny of the situations in which Bach did (and did not) see fit to apply supplemental instruction can we realize the true intentions of the master.

This review of the late Erwin Bodky's magnum opus is by the celebrated pianist and composer (see Recordings in Review).



Glenn Gould.

Professor Bodky's search for the unwritten laws of Bach literature is on the whole a shrewd job of detection. Especially noteworthy are his detailed comparisons of motives common to both instrumental and vocal literature and his astute observations of the varying treatments which Bach accords similar motives. He is well aware that the origin of a tradition may have simply been the inability of some long-dead performer to give a literal reading. Thus his comments on rhythmic complications, particularly instances of cross-rhythmic relation, are generously dipped in the charity of personal experience.

The instinctive side of Professor Bodky's approach, is, as I have suggested, a highly romantic one; and, like all romantics, he becomes motive-conscious. He believes that in many cases the ornamentation accompanying a particular motive should adopt and consistently preserve the nature of the motive itself. For example, in dealing with the so-called "sigh" motive in the F minor Prelude of Volume II of "The Well-tempered Clavier" or the Toccata of the E minor Partita, he believes that the ornamentation of this motive, in defiance of accepted procedure, should begin on the principal note. His reasons are typical of the contradictions that mark the book. Rationally, he points out that to do otherwise will, in certain cases, produce parallel fifths, the careful contrapuntist's horror, but it is clear that his real concern is the preservation at all costs of the distinct pathos of this motive.

This Schweitzer-induced motivic emphasis is significant, for it points to the real weakness in Professor Bodky's book. This work, like so many others that deal with Baroque literature, is almost exclusively theme-concentrated. To the author, the "interpretation" of Bach means the solution of those problems that govern the flow of melodic line—the distribution of the trill, the abbreviation of a dotted rhythm, the inherent tempo of a motive. These are all problems which have concerned and continue to concern the Bach student, and seldom have they been handled with greater skill and historical perception than here. But none of these problems can be seen in proper perspective when viewed in the single dimension of its linear aspect. And even if the contrapuntal movement of four voices could be cleansed part by part of all manner of stylistic ills, this would not in itself suffice for a complete realization of Bach's intentions. For Bach's counterpoint is harmonically centered counterpoint and there is no aspect of Bach style which is not ultimately mediated by harmonic considerations. The registration of his dynamic terraces, the dissonant twang of his ornamentation, the articulation of contrasting rhythmic figures—all are controlled by the steady pulse of harmonic movement. And, on a larger scale, it is Bach's modulations from key to key that determine the formal posture of a work, that makes cohesive the relation of episode to episode.

In dealing with the music of a generation after Bach, no writer would neglect the relation of the individual phrase to the harmonic landscape in which it appears. No one would attempt to define the profile of a theme in Christian Bach or in Haydn without some reference to its place in the sonata structure, or whatever the architectural plan might be—so familiar to our ear is the psychology of theme relation to modulation in the music of the generation after Bach. But when we deal with the more ambulatory shape of the concerto grosso no such landmarks are provided. Each instance must be examined individually to find the correspondence of thematic repetition to the modulatory plan of the work. Instead of one modulation to the dominant and then the presentation of a new theme, as in the classical sonata, there may be many modulations to the dominant and many reiterations of the same old theme. But it is the over-all harmonic architecture of the work, both in regard to the terraces of modulation and the more minute movements within the phrase structure, that determines the character and attitude of the composition. And this analytic approach must be held to

(*Continued on page* 55)

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The Demons of Garcia Lorca

"Lament on the Death of a Bullfighter" and other Poems and Songs of Federico García Lorca, read and sung in Spanish by Germaine Montero with orchestra under Salvador Becarisse. Vanguard 9055, $4.98.

By WALTER STARKIE

NOT ONE, but two, demons prodded Federico García Lorca, Spain's most beloved poet and dramatist of modern times, as he dreamed his way through life. His musical was as powerful as his poetic demon, and whether he was experimenting with his puppet theatre in his home in Granada, listening to gypsy singers in a cave in the Sacro Monte, working in his room in the Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid, or consorting with Negro singers in Harlem or Cuba, the moment would come when one or the other of the demons would enter into possession of his soul. Sometimes the two would agree to fight, as the bullfighters say, *mano a mano.* They would share the honors as in "Romancero gitano" and the "Poema del cante jondo," where the haunting quality given by his musical demon echoes through his poetry like the distant sounds of a *zambra* in the gypsy caves heard from a turret in the Generalife. Thus these selections, read and sung in Spanish with refined artistry and dramatic power by Germaine Montero, should appeal to a large audience.

The first time I met him was in 1922, on the occasion of the musical Festival of *Cante jondo,* the "Deep Song" of the Andalusian gypsy, organized by the composer Manuel de Falla, and the painters Ignacio de Zuloaga and José Rodriguez Acosta.

Later I often met García Lorca during the years 1924-1928 in Madrid at the Residencia de Estudiantes with its sun-bathed terraces overlooking the city. There he radiated magic, and great and humble did obeisence to his twin demons. At one moment he would hold us all in suspense as he recited one of his romances or ballads on the death of Antoñito Camborio, the gypsy, "dark as the green moon," whose life was taken away by the Guadalquivir. Then he would sit down at the piano, and he would sing to his own accompaniment his setting of the fifteenth-century *Mudejar* song "Tres Morrillas" ("Three Moorish Maidens"). Soon after that I used to go to hear him play his *cantares* for the celebrated Sevillian dancer and singer La Argentinita in the Teatro Eslava, which in those days was directed by Spain's foremost man of the theatre, Gregorio Martínez Sierra.

In the "Romancero gitano" (1928) he stresses the heroic struggle of the cave-dwelling gypsies of Granada against society, personified in the Civil Guards, transforming by his own intuitive sense of folk rhythms, and his knowledge of ancient ballads, the Romanichal into a mythological dream-hero vanquished by his everlasting enemy, the world of reality.

IN the more mature "Poema del cante jondo" (1931), however, he stylizes the essentials of Andalusian gypsy song with glimpses of the great *cantaores* of a past age, such as Juan Breva, Silverio and La Parrala, when *Cante jondo* was the exclusive possession of the *aficionados,* and the patrimony of the Romanichals, who sang for themselves, or as they said, *entre cabales.* We then realize as we listen to the poet that tragedy was implicit in Lorca's genius from the beginning. At times the theme of death becomes an obsession of his, as though he continually discovered signs pointing to his own early death. Even at the age of nineteen, in the days of joyous youthful triumph, he wrote the prophetic lines:

And may my blood upon the field
Make soft red loam,

Montero—"refined artistry and dramatic power."

Where wearied husbandmen
Can rest their spades.

The poems of death culminate in the "Lament" on the death of his friend, the bull fighter Sánchez Mejías, in the bull ring, the finest elegy in all modern Spanish poetry. So poignant is Germaine Montero's reading of this elegy that we advise those who play the record to begin with Side 2 with the shorter poems, and follow with the elegy on Side 1, for in this way they will get the full dramatic effect of climax. Indeed, the first part of the elegy is an expressionistic monodrama with phantom voices repeating again and again the fatal phrase *"A las cinco de la tarde"* (at five o'clock in the afternoon). The rhythm of the fatal phrase clangs incessantly in the brain of the mourning poet as each grim detail of the tragedy reaches his consciousness, the five strokes of knell booming from innumerable clocks. He sees the dead bullfighter slowly mount the tiers carrying his death on his shoulders toward the dawn. At last, when the soul has departed, the poet-minstrel sings of one who possessed the longing for death and of the sadness of his once-valiant gaiety.

We must remember that the body of Ignacio Sánchez Mejías was buried in the same tomb as his brother-in-law, Joselito, the idol of the Spanish multitude, whose radiant life had been quenched in the bull ring in Talavera in 1920. Ignacio, like the two gypsies, the Gallos Joselito and Rafael (who died this year), became for García Lorca the scions of a noble race destined to become tragic heroes in order that there might be "a song in the ears even of folk of after-time." At the beginning of the Spanish Civil War Federico García Lorca was executed, at daybreak, in his own city of Granada, and it was the great Spanish poet Antonio Machado who wrote the lament, describing the dialogue between the Poet and Death:

He was seen walking with Her
alone,
Unafraid of her scythe.

In contrast to the "Lament," there are in this record some delightful poems in a lighter vein, such as the evocative gem on the guitar "which wails for far-off things," the song of the bride from the tragic drama "Bodas de sangre" (Blood Wedding), and the well known gypsy poem of the unfaithful wife, all of which display the subtle "nuances" of the poet's genius. We should like to single out for praise the delicately scored orchestral accompaniments conducted by Salvador Becarisse, which give just the support needed by the singer.

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Recordings in Review

Furtwangler (1921) — "possessed by deep emotional conviction."

Furtwangler's "Pathetique"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 ("Pathétique"). Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Angel COLH 21, $5.98.

Of the innumerable fine-sounding orchestral recordings issued in 1960, hardly a dozen will compete in artistic interest with this non-fine-sounding but wholly unique product of 1938. An American issue of February 1941 (as RCA Victor 553), it has been unavailable most of the time since, though periodically promised on LP.

Now that we have it, finally, in the Great Recordings of the Century series, the first questions are: Is it worth all the effort that has gone into re-creation; does it measure up to long-cherished memories as the most remarkable "Pathétique" ever put on records? Half a side's listening settles the first question; and the dying fall of the second's final measures leaves no doubt of the answer to the other.

How this match of sympathies came about in 1938, I have no way of knowing. Furtwängler was in no way a Tchaikovsky "specialist" (his only other effort in the composer's major literature was the Fourth Symphony years later with the Vienna Philharmonic), but he was clearly possessed by deep emotional conviction as well as profound knowledge of this work. The performance has all his best qualities of abundant feeling, strong orchestral control, and architectural sense adjusted exactly to Tchaikovsky's scale of values in an unbroken continuity. It was also a high point of prewar history for the Berlin Philharmonic, which performs superbly. And, unlike most symphony orchestra recordings of the Thirties, it retains more than enough resemblance to the original (especially if the bass is boosted a bit) to yield a real impact today.

Gould as Composer

GOULD: *Quartet, Opus 1. Symphonia Quartet.* Columbia MS 6178, $5.98.

It is no common occurrence for a widely admired interpretive artist to make a double debut as a critic and composer in the same month: but Glenn Gould is no common occurrence in himself. I leave to others a judgment of his critical faculties (see page 48), but of his creative ones I find a judgment both easy and affirmative. When did a composer last choose to introduce himself, in an Opus 1, by a string quartet? That, of itself, tells us something of the turn of mind of this particular musical mentality.

Knowing of his attraction to Bach on the one hand and to Berg, Schoenberg, Webern, and Krenek on the other, I had an initial curiosity: In which direction would his own creative inclinations go? It didn't take long to discover that they were somewhere in between: strongly related to the tonal discipline of F minor, from which precedes a work utilizing the Schoenbergian scheme of motivic development, but with no tinge of the twelve-tone system.

From time to time there are suggestions of the later techniques of Richard Strauss in by-passing expected harmonic resolutions and arriving at wholly new relationships thereby. But Gould's materials have a shape and character of their own (beautifully suited, incidentally, to the medium in which he is working), which stand out clearly no matter how complex his contrapuntal elaborations become. The impulse to *sing* is also strong in him, and it comes as a sample of refreshing esthetic candor to find a composer who dares to write as he feels. As Gould says in concluding the self-exposition of his work, "It's Opus 2 that counts!" But let it be said that this Opus 1 leaves us impatient rather than apathetic about hearing what follows. Kurt Loebel and Elmer Setzer, Tom Brennand (viola) and Thomas Liberti (cello)—all members of the Cleveland Orchestra—represent Gould clearly, strongly, eloquently.

More of Rodrigo

RODRIGO: *Concert Serenade;* BOIELDIEU: *Concerto in C. Nicanor Zabaleta, harp, with orchestra conducted by Ernst Märzendorfer.* Deutsche Grammophon 138118, $6.98.

As a harpist second to none (and the number of those as good could be counted on the fingers of a half-closed hand), Nicanor Zabaleta automatically attracts attention whenever he is represented on a new record. But he is entitled not only to praise but also to thanks for enabling us to make the acquaintance of these two fine works. Whether he will be able to promote Boieldieu's repute to more than that of a composer of overtures (nobody seems to play his operas any more) is doubtful; but he should have some effect on the status of Rodrigo, who is barely known outside his native Spain.

As the Segovia performance of his "Fantasía para un gentilhombre" reminded us last month (*SR*, October 29), Rodrigo, at fifty-eight, is among the master crafters of music now being made. But in this enticing Serenade for harp (and what sounds like a small orchestra) he also shows a degree of wit and spirit, fantasy and imagination too seldom encountered in his contemporaries, of whatever country. It mixes some of the delicacy of Falla with the pungence of early-middle Stravinsky ("Pulcinella," "March, Valse, Polka, Galop," etc.) in a pastiche to which Rodrigo adds a spice and brilliance decidedly his own. Like the "Fantasía" noted above, it is a product of 1954, when Rodrigo was fifty-two. We should certainly know much more

Zabaleta—"a harpist second to none."

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of Rodrigo's catalogue, especially what he has been doing in the last six years.

Zabaleta plays the self-commissioned work with pride of ownership plus faultless musical judgment and keen spirit. Boieldieu's work of 1795 (he was then twenty) is as ornate as can be, full of graces and cascading runs, worked out with a strong sense of Mozart's accomplishments in the concerto genre. One doubts that it was meant to be played with as large an orchestra (mostly strings) as is used here, but it makes for a splendid sonority. The totality, in DG's resonant stereo, is ear-filling.

Amadeus Quartet on Brahms

BRAHMS: *Quartets Opus 51, Nos. 1 and 2. Amadeus Quartet.* Deutsche Grammophon 138114, $6.98. *Quartet, Opus 67;* DVORAK: *Quartet in F, Opus 96. The same.* DG 138126, $6.98.

The appearance of integrated issues such as this leaves little doubt that there is a new, major source of record supply in addition to those long-established in this country, in England, and on the Continent. Or, perhaps, an old source of supply newly reactivated, for Deutsche Grammophon has been making good records as long as anyone, and longer than all but a very few.

When it comes to chamber music there can, certainly, not be too many sources of supply, especially on the level of this pairing of the Amadeus Quartet with the three fine works of Brahms. They are, essentially, a group of lyricists, formed over a period of twelve years into a single voice for the music they favor—Haydn, Mozart, Schubert for the most part, until now. But they have broadened their style sufficiently to match the needs of the C minor (the biggest, in scale, of the three) while pursuing all the other threads of interest with a fervor and musicality stronger, better integrated than ever before.

The Dvorak "American" Quartet finds them no less adept, indulging a sense of fantasy and caprice not customarily associated with them (for the reason that this is the first venture of the group with Dvorak I have heard). But it is all managed with sensitivity and refinement, and a continuous glow of fine sound that projects the esteem they earned in their earliest Westminster in the early Fifties to a new, higher plane of excellence. The recording makes effective use of stereo possibilities, without disturbing the solid sound created by the quartet as a whole.

Turner and Lehmann Reissued

VERDI: *"Ritorna vincitor," "O patria mia" ("Aida"), "D'amor sull 'ali rosee" ("Trovatore");* MASCAGNI: *"Voi lo sapete" ("Cavalleria");* PUCCINI: *"Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"), "In questa reggia" ("Turandot"). Eva Turner, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham and Stanford Robinson ("O patria mia" and "In questa reggia").* Angel COLC 114, $5.98.

WEBER: *"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" ("Der Freischütz");* NICOLAI: *"Nun eilt herbei" ("Die lustigen Weiber");* MASSENET: *"Werther! Werther! Ich kann nicht mir's verhehlen" ("Werther");* STRAUSS: *"Es gibt ein Reich" ("Ariadne auf Naxos");* D'ALBERT: *"Psyche wandelt durch Säulenhallen" ("Die Toten Augen");* STRAUSS, J: *"Mein Herr, was dächten Sie" ("Die Fledermaus");* KORNGOLD: *"Ich ging zu ihm" ("Das Wunder der Heliane");* WAGNER: *"Mild und leise" ("Tristan"). Lotte Lehmann, soprano.* Angel COLC 112, $5.98.

To judge from the equality of prominence in these issues of the "Great Recordings of the Century" series, Eva Turner and Lotte Lehmann should have been equal celebrities in their spans of public prominence. But as anybody who was contemporary with those spans, or has read about it, knows, Lehmann was widely known on the Continent, in England, and in the United States, whereas Turner's fame was mostly in Italy, in her native land, and in Chicago (where she was intermittently prominent between 1928 and 1939).

Even for those who knew little about their careers, these discs would show them to be exactly opposite types as singers and operatic artists: Turner, the epitome of the type which is more voice than artistry, Lehmann exemplary of those in whom artistry triumphs in spite of more limited vocal resources. Unquestionably Turner had one of the greatest vocal instruments in recorded history: solid and weighty from below the staff to a ringing top C, with metal and sheen in every tone. But whether she is singing Verdi, Mascagni, or Puccini, she sounds exactly the same. Ponderous phrase succeeds ponderous phrase, with little suggestion of dramatic characterization. When the vocal problem is as formidable as it is in "In questa reggia," Turner's overpowering resources make the results truly one of the great recordings of the century—but not elsewhere.

Nonetheless, her singing of this one aria is quite sufficient reason for anyone with an interest in vocal lore to cherish this record. Not alone does the voice mount each successive level of this perilous discourse with ever-broadening strength and assurance, but it swings from register to register like the pendulum of a well-regulated clock. In such phrases as "quel grido e quella morte!" "vivo nel cuor mi sta," and particularly the climaxing "Ah, rinasce in me l'orgoglio," Miss Turner's resources of breath enable her to link phrases that the average singer is content to take in two (or three). And the effect is much heightened thereby. Turandot, clearly, is the one character she was foredestined to recreate.

Lehmann, on the other hand, is, in the eight different excerpts, eight different personalities. Often enough the sound is throbby or pinched, but in most circumstances, it is gloriously alive, a sounding complement of the dramatic situation with which she is concerned. Least suitable of her efforts is the "Liebestod," which is much more Lehmann than Isolde. In addition to the Weber, Nicolai, and Johann Strauss excerpts, which have circulated here for years in one form or another, the Massenet, Richard Strauss, d'Albert, and Korngold selections give a proof of wide-ranging sympathies few of our contemporary singers seem to know about, let alone seek to emulate.

Technically, the Turner discs (all recorded in London's Westminster Central Hall in 1928) are excellent. Indeed, with today's wide-range equipment, and a suitably flexible amplifier, the "Turandot" excerpt can be built up to produce a remarkably lifelike semblance of Miss Turner's big voice. Those of Lehmann (made in Germany between 1927 and 1932) are highly variable, and mostly quite bad.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Other current issues of major interest may be found in Recordings Reports I and II on the following pages.*

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suite No. 2 in B minor, Brandenburg Concerto No. 5. Antonio Janigro conducting the Solisti di Zagreb, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord, and Jelka Stanic, violin. RCA Victor LM 2460, $4.98. (Stereo: LSC 2460, $5.98.)	Antonio Janigro's musicians and the qualities of his ensemble have commended themselves to the record buyer's attention on many occasions in the past, but there is less than usual cause for enthusiasm in this case. In the first instance, the sound is thin and insubstantial for these works, especially in the B minor Suite, where we are accustomed to a good body of string sound. Janigro's interpretive inclinations are lacking in verve or lightness in the dance movements (bourrée, polonaise, menuet). There is a little more interest in the Brandenburg No. 5, thanks to the excellent instrumentalists, but it is still Bach of a sort that doesn't appeal to me. Rather ordinary sound (recorded in Italy).
Bach, J. S.: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C, Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor; Bach, J. C.: Sinfonia for Double Orchestra in E flat. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia MS 6180, $5.98.	The situation here is somewhat the inverse of the preceding, especially in the case of the sinfonia of Johann Christian Bach. Ormandy is entitled to thanks for directing attention to its manifest beauties (no surprise to those who recollect the qualities of its companion piece of Opus 18 once favored by Mengelberg), but the use of the full string orchestra here tends to make it sound thick and unwieldy. In the "Stokowski literature" (expanded by the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue), Ormandy uses his own transcriptions of the organ originals. Doubtless they differ in details from the originals of the Twenties, but the net effect is "Philadelphia Orchestra Bach." Those who are not averse to transcriptions on principle will find these skilfully realized, brilliantly re-created, and more than a little enhanced by stereo. (Monaural: ML 5580, $4.98.)
Bartók: Concertos Nos. 2 and 3. Geza Anda, piano, with the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Berlin conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon 138111, $6.98.	Anda and Fricsay realize the varying temperamental aspects of these two works with uncommon success. There is plentiful vigor for the clashing lines of the second concerto, but also abundant feeling for the deeply motivated, clearly expressed third concerto, one of Bartok's finest (as well as his last) works. Has it been noted previously that the vigorous Hungarian tune heard in the "Concerto for Orchestra" is also cited in the finale here? Fricsay's control of the situation throughout is noteworthy. Very good reproduction. (Monaural: 18611, $5.98.)
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3. Mozart: Rondos in D (K.382) and A (K.386). Annie Fischer, piano, with the Bavarian State Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon 138087, $6.98.	By the evidence of this disc, Annie Fischer (Budapest-born and due to make her American debut this winter in Cleveland) is one of the consequential artists not yet known here. One is impressed initially by the breadth and power of her sound, but she can moderate it acutely to the needs of the music, as she shows in the octave passage at the end of the slow movement. Musical intelligence and artistic purpose dominate all that she does, even when she is called upon to deal with the ornate cadenza (probably Beethoven's own) to the first movement. Fricsay collaborates admirably in the Beethoven, but the first of the two Mozart Rondos—in which Miss Fischer sustains her own standard impressively well—is rather overproduced dynamically. Delightfully vibrant, well-balanced recording. (Monaural: 18607, $5.98.)
Beethoven: Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Constantin Silvestri. Capitol SG 7229, $5.98.	Menuhin sets forth his views on this work with implacable dignity, a profound sense of purpose, and a decidedly personal view of its content. Sometimes, as in slower moments of the first movement and at the climax of the Larghetto, time and movement are almost suspended as Menuhin philosophizes on the inner meaning of what he is doing, but the "almost" marks the difference between constant command of what he is doing and lack of it. He also takes great care with his sound and its articulation, the finished product being almost wholly free of inaccurate pitch or rough tone (the Kreisler cadenza, which he plays very well, has some patches of both in the first movement). Silvestri is a perfect helpmate to him and the choice of the Vienna Philharmonic adds unity of sound to unity of artistic purpose. (Monaural: G 7229, $4.98.)
Bloch: "America." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Symphony of the Air, with the American Concert Choir. Vanguard VSD 2065, $5.95.	There is much more to this work than can be accommodated in a brief note, but this will serve to announce its issue, in a performance seldom matched by Leopold Stokowski in his long and illustrious career. Virtually unheard since it was written more than thirty years ago, "America" is a vast musical cyclorama of folk tunes, Foster melodies, suggestions of jazz (as it was as of 1927), and a concluding anthem which Bloch hoped would supplant the battered and abused but still enduring "Star Spangled Banner." Some of it is extrarodinarily beautiful in Stokowski's compelling performance, some of it banal. Vanguard's celebrated "musical" sound is particularly evident in the stereo. (Monaural: VRS 1056, $4.98.)
Brahms: Symphony No. 2. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7228, $5.98.	Much Brahms has not merely passed but poured over the turntables since Beecham's conception of this work first appeared in the late Thirties, but it has in no way eroded the sizable qualities of spirit and mind which make it outstanding. Now as then Beecham conceives it in something of a chamber music spirit, but he does not deny it a claim to the orchestra's full sonority when it is appropriate. But all the details of orchestral interplay, soloistic color, and mixture of choirs which Brahms lavished on this work are lovingly perceived by the conductor and reproduced, through him, by the excellent personnel. Very satisfactory sound. (Monaural: G 7228, $4.98.)
Mozart: Concerto in C, K.467 (No. 21). Rosina Lhevinne, piano, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Jean Morel. Columbia MS 6182, $5.98.	The last consideration one would think of relative to this energetic, assertive performance is the age of the persons involved. It commemorates the eightieth birthday last spring of Mme. Lhevinne, all of whose pupils should live so long and play so well. Her vigorous, rather sizable Mozart is not the kind of finely shaded, deftly integrated playing some prefer in this concerto—it is decidedly a work for piano and orchestra, as she plays it, rather than piano with orchestra—but of its kind the playing is beautifully articulate, expressive, and purposeful. The Juilliard orchestra is full of life, and Morel disciplines it well. (Monaural: ML 5582, $4.98.)
Pfitzner: Symphony in C, "Palestrina" Preludes. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Ferdinand Leitner. Deutsche Grammophon 136022, $6.98. (Monaural: 19176, $5.98.)	This addition to the limited amount of Pfitzner previously available on LP adds well-sounding substance to the belief that little else he wrote compared in quality to the "Palestrina" music. These three preludes could hardly be called "familiar," but, as on previous hearings, they convey a mood and atmosphere suitable to the subject (Palestrina's career before and after the Council of Trent), in a musical language quite his own. The symphony, however, lacks comparable impulse or esthetic content; some of it is pleasurable, but all of it brings recollections of others: Reger, Strauss, Schmidt. Leitner does his work well, and the orchestral sound is above average. —Irving Kolodin.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas Opera 110, 111. Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. Angel S 35749, $5.98. (Monaural: 35749, $4.98.)	The kind of weight and authority Richter-Haaser commands are impressively well suited for some aspects of both works: the fugue of the A flat, the opening movement of the C minor. But there is rather more to these works than these movements, important as they are, and elsewhere Richter-Haaser leaves some values lacking. As an instance: the lyric continuity wanted for the first movement of the A flat, which comes out rather choppy and percussively halting. But there is no doubt that the recording reinforces the good opinion formed of Richter-Haaser from his concert appearances here as well as previous recordings. Big, somewhat metallic piano sound.
Brahms: Quartet in A, Opus 26. Quartetto di Roma. Deutsche Grammophon 138015, $6.98.	For a while, one is attracted to this performance by the fine technical skills of the players, the tight ensemble that prevails, the good blend of sound. But as it moves from one movement to another, the lightness of the attack, the emphasis on movement rather than substance (especially in the scherzo and finale) produce results that are substantially less than Brahmsian. In totality it suggests that the best of intentions cannot compensate for lack of temperamental affinity, whether innate or assimilated. Bruno Giuranna, violist of I Musici, is the added member of the Trio di Roma, whose members are Arnella Puliti Santoliquido, piano, Arrigo Pelliccia, violin, and Massimo Amfitheatrof, cello. (Monaural: 18528, $5.98.)
Brahms: Trio, Opus 40. Henryk Szeryng, violin, Victor Babin, piano, and Joseph Eger, French horn; Beethoven: Sonata, Opus 17. Babin and Eger. RCA Victor LM 2420, $4.98.	The thought of combining three such excellent musicians as Szeryng, Babin, and Eger on behalf of Brahms was sound enough, but the results hardly accord with the intentions. Everybody plays the right notes at the right time, but the kind of cohesive, wholly integrated effort effected by Adolf Busch, Rudolf Serkin, and Aubrey Brain (senior kin of the late Dennis) on their recording of the past is never achieved. Szeryng lacks the leadership impulse, and it goes by default to Babin, who can provide it only in part. As for Eger, he is an agile performer on his difficult instrument, but, as the Beethoven sonata reveals even more directly, his sound lacks the warmth and resonance desirable. (Stereo: LSC 2420, $5.98.)
Chopin: Ballades in F minor and A flat, Nocturnes Nos. 12 (Opus 37, No. 2) and 18 (Opus 62, No. 2), Fantaisie-Impromptu, Scherzos in B flat minor and E major. Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano. Capitol SG 7230, $5.98.	Moiseiwitsch's playing, both physically and philosophically, is mostly on the surface of these works, in an intimate style not favored by many performers today. Its distinctive values are related in large part to grace, ease of execution, sentiments of a more refined sort, as in the Nocturnes and Fantaisie-Impromptu. But it lacks the power for the full effect of the Scherzi or Ballades. In addition, when Moiseiwitsch seeks to meet such works on their own terms, the sound becomes forced and unvibrant. (Monaural: G 7230, $4.98.)
Chopin: Polonaise No. 5, Mazurka, Opus 50, No. 3, Impromptu No. 3, Nocturne in C sharp minor. Maurizio Pollini, piano. Sonata in B flat minor. Michel Block, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 136218, $6.98.	It is easy to hear, from this disc, why Pollini was first prize-winner at the 1960 International Chopin Competition in Warsaw, for he has what juries find irresistible—power, strength, and a grasp of musical design uncommon for one of his eighteen years. But Block, who finished virtually out of the money (save that contributed to him personally by Artur Rubinstein in recognition of his qualities), has something much rarer—artistic individuality, a nature that finds a naturally poetic outlet in music. His Chopin is drawn on a smaller scale than some favor, but it is all *to* scale, conveyed by a sound decidedly his own. It will be illuminating to see how each pursues a path of his own. Excellent piano reproduction. (Monaural: 19218, $5.98.)
Chopin: Waltzes. Werner Haas, piano. Epic BC 1104, $5.98. (Monaural: LC 3738, $4.98.)	This is a rather premature undertaking for Haas, the young German pianist whose introductory Debussy disc was noted with approval last month. Here, however, he is involved with more of a stylistic problem, which suggests that some of the works mean considerably less to him than others. At best, the sense of purpose and musicality conveyed by his Debussy reappear (as in the A minor), but in others (especially in faster tempi) the notes are tossed off in a glib, superficial manner. Rather soggy piano sound, the fault, it would appear, of the instrument rather than its reproduction.
Debussy: "Trois ballades de Villon," "La Grotte," "Mandoline," "Syrinx"; Ravel: "Chansons Madécasses," "Cinq mélodies populaires grecques," "Don Quichotte à Dulcinée." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, Karl Engel, piano, Auèle Nicolet, flute, Irmgard Poppen, cello. Deutsche Grammophon 138115, $6.98. (Monaural: 18615, $5.98.)	The courage which prompted Fischer-Deskau to undertake Mahler's "Lied von der Erde" is as nothing beside his self-assurance in confronting the literature from the other side, not only of the Rhine, but also of the Seine. The difference is that in Mahler he was on sound artistic ground: in Debussy and Ravel, it is not merely shaky, but elusive. One can scarcely distinguish a word or phrase per song—with what effects on the meaning of the Villon ballades and the "Chansons Madécasses" (not even "Nahandov") can be imagined. Of course Fischer-Dieskau applies his full range of artistry to the problem and there are some lovely vocal effects (especially in the Ravel "Cinq mélodies" and "Don Quichotte") but not the kind of results which have been imparted to these works by such singers as Madeleine Grey, Bernac, Frijsh, Tourel, Souzay, *et al.*
Schubert: Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Joerg Demus, piano, with the Schubert Quartet. Deutsche Grammophon 136038, $6.98.	Craftsmanship rather than imagination is the primary attribute of this performance. It must, necessarily then, fail to fulfill the requirements of Schubert's work of overbrimming imagination, with its wealth of melodic and harmonic beauties. Demus and his associates (unidentified except as a group) are well posted on the technical involvements of the score, but they do not penetrate much beneath its surface. DG's technicians are in full command of the problems presented by the double bass, and give it suitable weight. I would prefer more of Schubert rather than the F minor "Andante con variazioni" of Haydn to fill out the second side. (Monaural: 19206, $5.98.)
Schumann: Andante and Variations, Opus 46; Chopin: Rondo in C; Saint-Saëns: Variations on a Theme of Beethoven; Busoni: Duettino concertante after Mozart. Kurt Bauer and Heidi Bung, duo pianists. Deutsche Grammophon 136018, $6.98.	The material is good, the performances thoroughly studied, the reproduction of them excellent. Much of this material hasn't lately been phonographically available, and is especially welcome for that reason. The performers are at their best in the Schumann (except for a tendency to exaggerated arpeggiations now and then) but adapt themselves readily to the other material. Those unfamiliar with the Busoni will find it a transcription of the finale of the F major Concerto (K.459). (Monaural: 19158, $5.98.)
Wagner: "Am stillen Herd," "Morgenlich leuchtend" ("Die Meistersinger"), "In fernem Land," "Mein lieber Schwan" ("Lohengrin"); Verdi: "Ah si, ben mio" ("Il Trovatore"), etc. Sándor Kónya, tenor, with orchestras conducted by Richard Kraus and Janos Kulka. Deutsche Grammophon 136214, $6.98.	The Hungarian tenor who recently made his debut in San Francisco gives a good account of his abilities in the Wagner excerpts: a smallish voice of good timbre, with the customary strain at the top. He does manage a C at the end of "Di quella pira" (sung, as is all the other material on the disc, in German), but it has more volume than quality. As he also undertakes "Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir"), "O Paradis" ("L'Africaine"), "Cielo e mar" ("Gioconda"), "Celeste Aida," "La donna e mobile" ("Rigoletto"), and "M'appari" ("Martha"), it is clear that he is more lyric than dramatic. Also, the conductors incline to indulge his tempi, mostly slower than customary. Excellent reproduction. (Monaural: 19214, $5.98.) —I. K.

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Gould

Continued from page 48

stand equally for the more circumscribed shape of the dance movement or the muscular sinews of fugal texture. In fairness, I must add that Professor Bodky frequently warns the student that "an intensive study of the inner architecture of Bach's most formidable harpsichord pieces cannot and should not be spared to them." That he himself grasps the structure of Bach's works in all their dimensions one can have no doubt. His descriptions have the tantalizing familiarity of one who hears more than that of which he chooses to write. Nevertheless, *in toto*, it is as though someone described in minute detail the stucco ornaments of a Baroque edifice but scarcely mentioned the pillars that they enrich.

The opening section of the book is devoted to an explanation of Professor Bodky's preference of harpsichord or clavichord rendition for a representative selection of works and the practical means that encourage or prohibit the choice. This is supplemented by an excellent appendix in which suggestions are offered for the registration, tempo, and articulation of all of Bach's major keyboard compositions. While I find most of Professor Bodky's instrumental preferences eminently suitable, I regret to say that he takes a most jaundiced view of the modern piano. He is understandably shy of public performance of Bach on a contemporary instrument, but the alternative he proposes is to perform on not one but two instruments. Two-piano teams, he believes, can, by the simple expedient of adding octaves in every direction, approximate four-foot and sixteen-foot registration. This is a tacit admission that to the author registration is the only spice that gives this most *instrumentally* indifferent of all music its savor. Further, Professor Bodky supplies us with two bars of the E flat major organ prelude as he conceives it on the piano—complete with up-beat bass octaves. If this is a sample of what the future holds, I feel that I cannot but rise to the defense of my livelihood when it is so irresponsibly jeopardized.

Besides, inspired by Professor Bodky, I have recently been delving into the numerological significance of my own family and Christian names and I am delighted to report that the respective totals are 52 and 59, of which, as everyone can see, the numbers 7 and 14 are the horizontal sums. Moreover, I would point out that they jointly tally 111—a figure that renders all further comment superfluous.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Menuhin as Commentator, Bjoerling as Pinkerton

LONDON.

TO SEE the name of Yehudi Menuhin featured in a Decca release is a real surprise, for it has been inseparable from the familiar HMV trade-mark since the violinist was "so high" and appeared on the label as "Master Yehudi Menuhin." Closer inspection reveals, however, that basic loyalties are not involved, for Menuhin entered the rival camp minus the tools of his trade in order to give personal support to a cause long dear to his heart: Indian classical music. Here he introduces and elucidates performances by K. S. Narayanaswami, Naravana Menon, and Palchat Raghu, thus helping the untrained Western ear to find its bearings amid the complex subtleties of an unfamiliar art form.

Admirers of the late Kathleen Ferrier have long wondered what Decca might do about the great singer's contribution to the long-deleted 78 rpm set of the "St. Matthew Passion." This month the answer is at last revealed, for the entire performance now appears on three LP discs in the "Ace of Clubs" (Richmond) series—an astonishing "bargain," even if the recording sounds its age. "Ace of Clubs" continues to be the most popular by far of all our cheap labels—deservedly so, since its issues maintain a remarkably high standard. Other firms are a little apt to "cheat" on occasion: thus Philips has just reissued Casals's Prades recording of the Schumann Concerto in its "Classical Favorites" series, spreading it thinly over two twelve-inch sides (one of them only of about ten minutes' duration).

If Kathleen Ferrier's presence and its low cost must be regarded as the main attractions of Decca's revived "St. Matthew Passion," the new Argo set of the "St. John Passion" is in many respects the finest recording yet made of Bach's earlier masterpiece. Certain purists may object to these works being sung in English; but, however much one may favor the original language in the case of opera, the very nature of Bach's settings of the Passion (with audience-participation implied by the Chorales) surely demands the use of the vernacular wherever they are performed.

For this recording Peter Pears and Andrew Raeburn prepared a new English version of the text, where necessary departing further from the authorized version than has been customary in earlier editions, so that Bach's rhythms as well as his melodic contours might be followed more closely, and to avoid what Pears describes as "being left with far too many German notes and far too few English words." The result is most convincing and further enhances a performance that blends scholarship and musical impulse in almost ideal proportions.

King's College Chapel, Cambridge, was chosen to provide the right kind of acoustic setting and the choir employed was that of the Chapel (only twenty-nine voices in all), while the string basis of the Philomusica amounted to thirteen players. Peter Pears, as the Evangelist, proves once again that he is unquestionably the finest exponent of this music since Karl Erb. David Ward's noble basso invests the part of Jesus with gentle dignity, and contralto Helen Watts is outstanding in an accomplished quartet of aria soloists, her warm-toned, deeply-felt rendering of "All is fulfilled" being a truly memorable experience.

The over-all direction of the performance is in the hands of David Willcocks who, besides holding the post of organist-choirmaster at King's College Chapel, has recently succeeded Dr. Reginald Jacques as conductor of the Bach Choir. His handling of the music seems to me exemplary in its clarity and obvious devotion to the letter and spirit of the work, and I have little doubt that he was greatly helped by the presence, at the harpsichord, of Thurston Dart. No one has done more than Dart in reviving the almost forgotten art of true continuo playing; his imaginative treatment of even the simplest cadential chords makes a notable contribution to the success of this set.

ON his more familiar Oiseau-Lyre terrain, Thurston Dart also contributes a fascinating disc entitled "The Royal Brass Music of King James I." This consists of nineteen pieces dating from the early seventeenth century, mostly by little-known composers, which Dart has edited for brass sextet (two trumpets and four trombones) and which are splendidly played under his direction by a group of French instrumentalists. On Oiseau-Lyre, too, is an attractive anthology of eighteenth-century flute quartets by Viotti, Devienne, J. C. Bach, and Pleyel featuring the noted French flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, while the same company's coupling of Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio with Weber's "Grand Quintetto" Opus 34 for clarinet and strings is notable for the brilliant clarinet playing of Gervase de Peyer, ably supported by members of the London Melos Ensemble.

From RCA we await a new recording of "La Forza del Destino" with Milanov, di Stefano, Warren, and Tozzi; already to hand are Rubinstein's magnicent disc of the Chopin Scherzi, Monteux's sterling account of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony, and Karajan's spick-and-span performances of Mozart's G minor Symphony and Haydn's No. 104. I also have to report the arrival of Beethoven's "Battle" Symphony, played by Morton Gould and his orchestra and inexplicably coupled with Grofé's odious "Grand Canyon Suite."

No recording of Beethoven's most notorious "potboiler" has existed in this country since a barely electric Parlophone SP set disappeared from the catalogue in the Thirties—really an astonishing state of affairs when one considers the work's obvious entertainment value. The question how a piece can be so bad and yet unmistakeably Beethovenian has long fascinated me.

HMV's new "Butterfly" once more features Victoria de los Angeles in the title role, an assumption justly famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Opposite her, recording Pinkerton for the first time in his career, is Jussi Bjoerling, whose recent untimely death robbed us of a singer who has been aptly described as the finest non-Italian Italian tenor of his generation. The Spanish soprano is not the most moving Cio-Cio-San I have heard, nor is the Swedish tenor a wholly convincing philanderer, but it would require many years of persistent operagoing before one might encounter two protagonists comparable in style and in consistent tonal beauty. The remainder of the cast, headed by Mario Sereni as Sharpless and Miriam Pirazzini as Suzuki, is competent but in no way outstanding, as is the orchestral playing under Santini; the recording is admirably managed.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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The Amen Corner

The Combos

EACH of the chief periods of jazz has revolved around a certain combination of instruments which may be taken as typical of that time and manner of jazz expression. Thus, it is probably unnecessary to remind the reader that early small-band jazz, call it New Orleans or Dixieland or Chicago, gravitated toward a front line of cornet or trumpet, trombone and clarinet (sometimes a saxophone was added), backed by a rhythm section of piano and drums (with banjo or guitar, string or other bass, as frequently added starters). This combination provided lightness, elasticity, a naturally felicitous balance of voices; it lent itself easily to the group improvisation—a kind of spontaneous, informal counterpoint—which was the crux of the early styles. And of course it also favored solo flights with buoyant accompaniment. Examples are to be heard throughout recorded jazz literature, from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band through Louis Armstrong's Hot 5 and Hot 7 to the recent Dixieland revivalists.

When the so-called Swing period set in during the middle Thirties, the center of interest shifted to jazz in which orchestrated section passages (for choirs of reeds or brass) were interspersed with solo exhibitions. This style called for larger ensembles than the early jazz bands, and a typical "swing band" might consist of four trumpets, three trombones, four saxophones (doubling with clarinets), piano, guitar, string bass, and drums. Gone, in most cases, was any indulgence in group improvisation; the emphasis was on driving mass effects.

Since the war there has taken place among many of the finest jazz musicians an acute revulsion against the blasting mannerisms of Swing and, on the positive side, a desire to explore many musical possibilities not hitherto stressed in, or widely discovered by, jazz circles. During the past twenty years Modern Jazz has shown many ramifications from the older traditions. For example, in the realm of melody and harmony there has been a great deal of chromaticism and polytonality, an enthusiasm for harmony horizontally rather than vertically conceived, a penchant for writing relatively long and elaborate harmonic lines for ensemble or as a basis for solo improvisation. At the same time, jazz rhythmic expression has developed notably in subtlety and variety.

In any event, it is wholly natural that Modern Jazz should again put a premium on the small band, which promotes intimate musical intercourse

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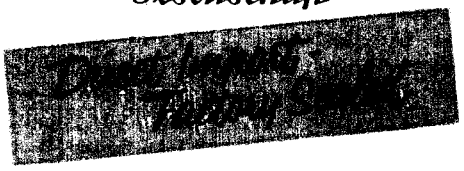

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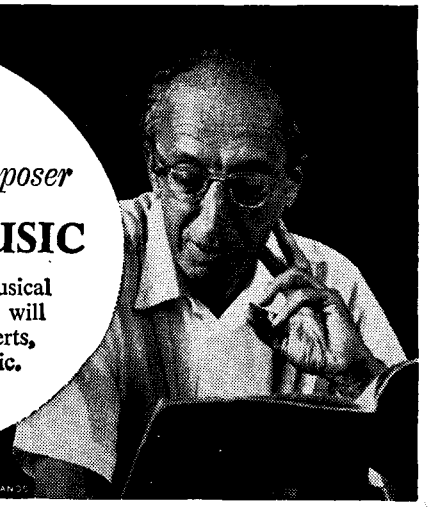

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among men who are bent on sensitive, responsive expression. Group improvisation in anything like its old forms has not returned to general favor, for one reason because the subtlety of the solo lines taken by the players discourages the spontaneous contribution of other improvisers. On the other hand, the rhythm section now customarily involves itself with the front row much more responsively than was true in the old days, so that if one sort of group improvisation has lapsed, another has taken its place.

Among the recent Modern Jazz albums which have appealed to me are the following:

"The Texas Twister," with Don Wilkerson, tenor sax; Nat Adderley, cornet; Barry Harris, piano; Leroy Vinnegar or Sam Jones, bass; Billy Higgins, drums (Riverside RLP 332). This is a muscular, accomplished group; the cornet of Adderley is one of the most warmly persuasive in the business, and the program includes hearty versions of the standards "Easy To Love" and "Where or When."

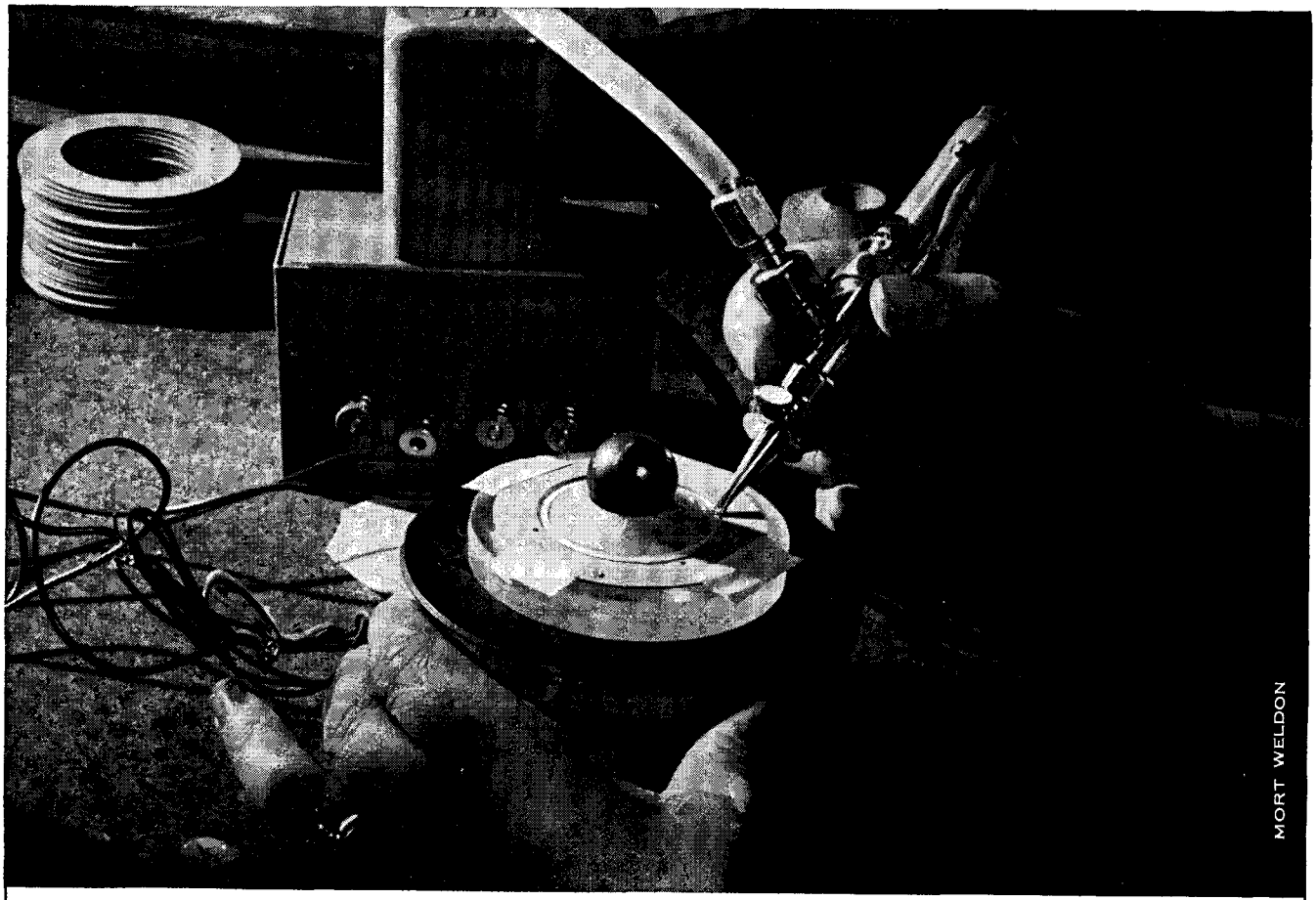
"Philly Joe's Beat," with Philly Joe Jones, drums; Bill Barron, tenor sax; Michael Downs, cornet; Walter Davis, piano; Paul Chambers, bass (Atlantic 1340). Jones is one of the master drummers of the world, whether he is speeding after "Salt Peanuts" or taking his Latin pleasure in "Muse Rapture."

"Gettin' Together," with Art Pepper, alto and tenor sax; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Wynton Kelly, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmie Cobb, drums (Contemporary M3573). Pepper's light, teasing, angular inventions are backed here by a rhythm section of the first order.

"Carl's Blues," with Curtis Counce, bass; Jack Sheldon or Gerald Wilson, trumpet; Harold Land, tenor sax; the late Carl Perkins, piano; Frank Butler, drums (Contemporary M3574). Perkins was an admirably lyrical jazz pianist, Butler is a drummer of rare delicacy, and the program includes a lazily winning treatment of one of the finest Modern Jazz tunes, Horace Silver's "Nica's Dream."

It is often remarked, with an air of shock, that so-called Modern Jazz is nearly twenty years old; the discs above, if they do not include a single spectacularly original front-row improviser, are full of musical strength, ripeness, and refinement of detail.

—Wilder Hobson.



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Richter

Continued from page 45

goes a gift for orchestrating, expressed in the rich range of colors and architectural patterns so attractive in the Beethoven Sonata in C (Adagio). Scherzos in particular are performed by his "orchestra" faultlessly. One must once again return to Debussy and Ravel, yet for an entirely different reason. The inventive application of Richter's color and form enriches his interpretation of Debussy's "Cloches à travers les feuilles," especially in the uniquely rendered coda (warmer than Gieseking's). Another example: the meaningful atmosphere in Richter's rendition of Ravel's "Oiseaux tristes," which reached here a sort of artistic nirvana. Excellent changes of timbre were noted in the G minor section of the Beethoven Sonata in C. Impressive was Rachmaninoff's Prelude in A major, the delicate melody emerging from its chords. Richter can orchestrate equally well on all levels, emphasizing, for instance, only the lower notes in chords (Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata). Unforgettable also remain those seven semi-jazzy measures in the Sixth Prokofiev Sonata (m.36 on), with a superb satiric sense diversified by soft coloration.

The next achievement in the tonal sphere relates to certain transitional passages, often as short as two or three notes, where Richter enters a new section with an exciting and delicate "preparatory announcement," rendered with ideal proportions. If this was not exactly the case with Rachmaninoff's G minor Prelude, it certainly was with Prokofiev's Eighth Sonata (first movement), to mention one instance.

Many of these tonal, polyphonic, and orchestral effects are enforced by his extensive application of accents—one could say by a full play of accents and contrasts. Thus, in Beethoven's A flat Sonata (variation III) he emphasizes the bass (orchestral effect). Sharp contrast of *pp-ff* were manifested in the Beethoven F major Sonata and in the coda of Prokofiev's Sixth (movement I). Here his expressive sforzandos were successively replaced by contrasting accentuations achieved by rhythmical stretches (e.g., m.13-14 from the end). In the third movement of the Prokofiev Eighth Sonata (Vivace, m.12-13) Richter rises to a Rachmaninoffian crescendo crowned by a diabolic accent. Even here his "motor" remains musical, as if oiled by expression.

From accents to rhythm is a very short trip. In this area Richter reveals again some irregularities, which are,

(*Continued on page* 61)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
Joan Baez—"Silver Dagger," "All My Trials," "House of the Rising Sun," "Wildwood Flower," "John Riley," "Little Moses," "Mary Hamilton," "Henry Martin," "Rake and Rambling Boy," "El Preso Numero Nueve," "East Virginia," "Fare Thee Well," "Donna Donna." Vanguard VRS 9078, $4.98, or VSD 2077 (Stereo), $5.95.	Joan Baez, the twenty-year-old balladeer who made such a hit as an unannounced participant in the 1959 Newport Folk Festival, emerges as a major new talent with this, her first solo album. Blessed with a voice of remarkable purity, Miss Baez capitalizes here on her ability to create and maintain an intimate mood of quiet intensity: her program is devoted almost exclusively to pensive, sad-toned blues and ballads. Each song is a beautifully molded unit, presented in a style which Maynard Solomon's liner notes aptly designate as "a kind of controlled ecstasy." If the album as a whole falls somewhat short of the promise of its first few bands, it is because of the inherent lack of variety in the music Miss Baez has chosen; as noted earlier, the aura of subdued introspection is only occasionally broken.
"Sounds from the Alps": Inge and Rudi Meixner, with the Nussdorfer Schrammeln—"Mei Bibihendi," "Kuckucksjodler," "Die Hammerschmiedgselln," "Der Adam," "Dorfjodler," "Der Tannabam," "A Hutterl," five others. Westminster WP 6123, $3.98, or WST 15057 (Stereo), $5.98.	The prospect of listening to an entire album of yodeling songs is not normally one to inspire unbounded joy, but I was pleasantly surprised by the diverse and diverting nature of these Alpine ballads. Apart from having selected melodies of more than usual variety, the two soloists have soothing, extremely pleasing voices, a fine feeling for ensemble, and a deep sense of musicality. I find the stereo technique of having one singer entirely on the left and the other on the right a bit disquieting, especially when the melody gets tossed back and forth between them.
"Sing-Along in Yiddish": Marv Kurz and his Ensemble—"Dayeynu," "Ich Vill Zich Shpielen," "Az Der Rebbe Est," "Mazel," "Shloimele Malkele," "Bei Mir Bistu Shein," "Havenu Shalom Aleychem," "Mein Yiddishe Meidele," sixteen others. Golden Crest, CR 3076, $3.98.	Apparently feeling that Mitch Miller would never get around to it, Marv Kurz has rounded up a few of his friends and preserved for posterity an even two dozen of those eternally popular Yiddish songs which are guaranteed to appear at any self-respecting Jewish function. There's only one set of lyrics enclosed (on the back cover), but no matter: if you don't know the words already, you've bought yourself the wrong record!
"Israeli Folk Songs": Martha Schlamme—"Dodo Li," "Shnei Shoshanim," "Hey Daromah," "Mi Yivneh," "Hana'ava Babanot," "Shibolet Basadeh," "Eretz Zavat," "Ma Dodech," "Mi Barechev," "Pri Gani," nine others. Vanguard VRS 9072, $4.98, or VSD 2070 (Stereo), $5.95.	There may be more vivid and dynamic interpreters of Israeli songs, but few can equal Martha Schlamme for a winning combination of charm and grace, which has long been a hallmark of her performances. Having selected a balanced and varied program, Miss Schlamme presents it with dignity, insight, and warmth, maintaining as well a mood of spontaneity which is rewarding indeed. Sonically the recordings are excellent; in fact, Vanguard has never before served Miss Schlamme so well. The conductor of the instrumental ensemble is Elyakum Shapira, one of the three young musicians who substituted for Leonard Bernstein at a New York Philharmonic concert recently.
"Portugal": Maria Marques and Manuel Fernandes—"Fado de Vila Franca," "Destino," "Sempre que Lisboa canta," "Fado Faia," "Desgarrada," "Tristezas," "Rosinha dos Limoes," "Lisboa nao sejas Francesa," five others. Monitor MF 340, $4.98, or MFS 340 (Stereo), $4.98.	This off-beat and consistently entertaining collection of the distinctive Portuguese *fados,* or songs of fate, also serves as an auspicious American introduction to a pair of superb artists who have long been popular performers in their native land. Maria Marques has not, perhaps, the burning intensity of her more famous compatriot Amalia Rodrigues, but her singing is often smoother, and certainly equally well endowed with warmth and that yearning wistful nostalgia so necessary for these passionate ballads. Manuel Fernandes, who alternates with Miss Marques on the disc (and joins her once in a charming duet), is another persuasive *fadista.*
"The Last Month of the Year": The Kingston Trio—"Bye Bye Thou Little Tiny Child," "We Wish You a Merry Christmas," "All Through the Night," "Go Where I Send Thee," "A Round About Christmas," "Sing We Noel," "The Last Month of the Year," "The White Snows of Winter," "Goodnight My Baby," "Follow Now, Oh Shepherds," two others. Capitol T 1446, $3.98.	The Kingston Trio has held its customary exuberance in at least partial check on this mellow and surprisingly off-beat sampling of yuletide ballads. Most of the songs are welcome departures from the hackneyed, thrice-overdone carols which so often comprise the exclusive diet in Christmas albums by "name" performers. The old English "May Mild," the tender lullaby "Goodnight My Baby," a vigorous "Gloucestershire Wassail," a Puerto Rican *aguinaldo,* "Follow Now, Oh Shepherds"—these and other lesser-known carols fare exceedingly well in the Kingston's suavely polished, but refreshingly unaffected performances.
"Caledonia!": The Macpherson Singers and Dancers of Scotland—"Road to the Isles," "Scots wha hae," "Lewis Bridal Song," "Dashing White Sergeant," "Border Ballad," "Green Hills of Tyrol," "Uist Tramping Song," "Bonnie Dundee," "Iona Boat Song," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Scotland the Brave," five others. Elektra EKL 191, $4.98.	Although they have chosen a varied, appealing program the Macpherson Singers use concert arrangements which do not, by and large, sustain the vitality and original sparkle of the music. Some of the lyrical numbers are nicely done, but they cannot fully compensate for the rather pale versions of the more dramatic selections. Even the saucy "Laird o' Cockpen" emerges without the spice and humor which are its chief assets. A Scottish bagpipe is featured in a solo on one band; perhaps its use as an accompanying instrument at times (instead of a piano) would have contributed a more vigorous and appropriate setting.
"Politics and Poker": Howard Da Silva and The Ward Heelers (Del Horstmann, Julian Patrick and Michael Quinn)—"Wilson, That's All," "Jefferson and Liberty," "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too," "Grant-ed," "Little Tin Box," others. Monitor, MP 595, $4.98.	Well, the votes have been counted and the political banners put back into mothballs for another year, but campaign songs, like certain venerable soldiers, never die. This, at least, is the premise of Howard Da Silva and a trio appropriately dubbed the Ward Heelers, who have proceeded to resuscitate a brace of old-time ballads urgently exhorting the electorate to cast their ballots for the Right Man. —Robert Sherman.

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however, in the minority. Displaying generally a perfect sense of rhythm (unshaken perpetuum-mobile sections, e.g., in Schumann's D major "Novellette"), he may sometimes fail, this mainly in the very slow movements like the Beethoven Adagio from the C major Sonata. Schnabel just the opposite! Here, in m.6, he strikes the last sixteenth a bit too early—to early for Toscanini at least. This was not an isolated instance—we can recall the Allegro con brio in m.13, 15, with its trill rendered a bit early. But then, is it really important whether one strikes a split second too early or too late? Yes, although a bit later is always safer, contrary to making a train.

Since not all Richter's rhythmic digressions were dictated by purely musical considerations, it would be fair to mention that an unintentional rush, caused by nervousness, for instance, sounds different from a more or less effectively rendered intentional accelerando. During his performances one could almost tell whether Richter's rhythmic concept happened to be his choice or whether it was a product of his less excellent form. In the first instance, his playing attracted us perhaps as a strange conception; in the second and less frequent instance, it appeared simply inadequate. Thus, the mentioned shortcomings in the Beethoven sonata resulted from nerves or carelessness, while similar "rushes" and questionable agogics in his reading of the Schumann Eighth Novellette should be attributed to his taste. A proof? He rendered it in both recitals exactly the same way.

The choice of proportions in Richter's art is especially individual in his climactic points. It is certainly due to his artistic taste that the "Appassionata's" first movement received a heroic climax. Not so in the last movement, where the gentle titan didn't lose his power (toward the coda), but did not increase it either. As mentioned previously, his long-range interpretive missiles take time to reach their artistic target. In "Pavana," the theme is sung more emphatically in the second appearance and impresses us even more by contrast with the initial treatment, which might have disappointed us prematurely. With Richter one should always wait. Also in his masterful rendition of the Beethoven Sonata in D major, the reappearance of the theme in the second movement is treated with still deeper eloquence.

His application of power, which is piloted by his physical and mental wheels, should be given separate attention. This application may seem uneven and unexpected, but is usually well planned. Thus his vivid temperament, evident in a Beethoven sonata,

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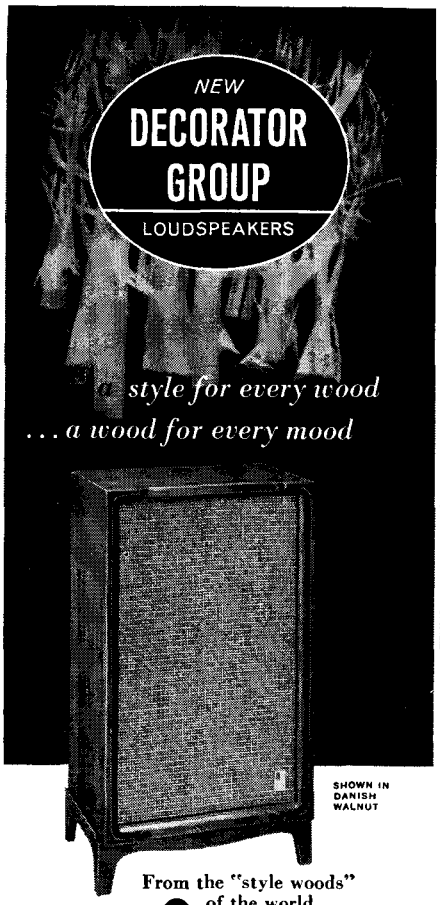

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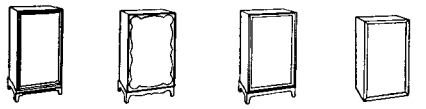

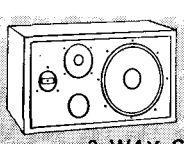

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becomes imperial in Prokofiev and Scriabin. His power was overwhelming also in the Rachmaninoff Preludes in F and C major, the colossal force of which gave us the pre-taste of his most exciting Scriabin Sonata No. 5. And while his instrument and the entire stage reverberates from these wild climaxes (as some reports describe Liszt), we realize that Richter is capable of presenting a "triumphant pianistry" when he wishes.

Scriabin Sonata? Here, even physically, Richter appears as a phenomenon to match anything imaginable. Starting from the opening movements of his hands and ending with the conclusive volcanic passages, this number represented a resumé of all his achievements in the Carnegie series. He "ran" to the piano and, still half-standing, began this piece by throwing himself furiously upon the keyboard. When he began the chord section marked "presto," it was rendered rather lightly, and one could recall the superb Merzhanov reading as still more convincing. But this was by no means the impression at the end of Richter's performance. Again, Richter has planned his conception on long lines. Evidently he has stored the highest excitement for this very moment. His mad speed (desired by the composer) and those etheric echos in *ppp* displayed in the "meno vivo" section will be remembered. Here Scriabin used inscriptions like "fantastica," which could be applied to his Russian interpreter as well. The explosive passages (marked and performed fortissimo, prestissimo, vertiginoso con furia, etc.) are comparable only to Horowitz's top climaxes. Then came this maddening coda. It seemed that Richter saved his crashing attack not only for this particular climax of the Fifth Sonata, but as the total climax of all his Five Recitals.

Richter's technique—a faithful servant for all that was said about him till now—is an instructive lesson to pianists. Before anything, it should be stated that he *is* a great technician, and it would be pointless here to discuss at length his light but not superficial touch, his perfect coordination, or those blurred isolated passages in a Beethoven sonata. It would be more valid to mention that his conservative treatment of appoggiaturas in the Beethoven D major Sonata (according to Bülow, Riemann, or Lamond rather than Schnabel, Horowitz, or other modern virtuosos) was inadequate not because of Richter's choice of the ornamental treatment but because of the somewhat careless execution itself. The same could have been said about some defective finger passages in the Sonata in E major (m.5-6), passages for which one should not blame Richter's fa-

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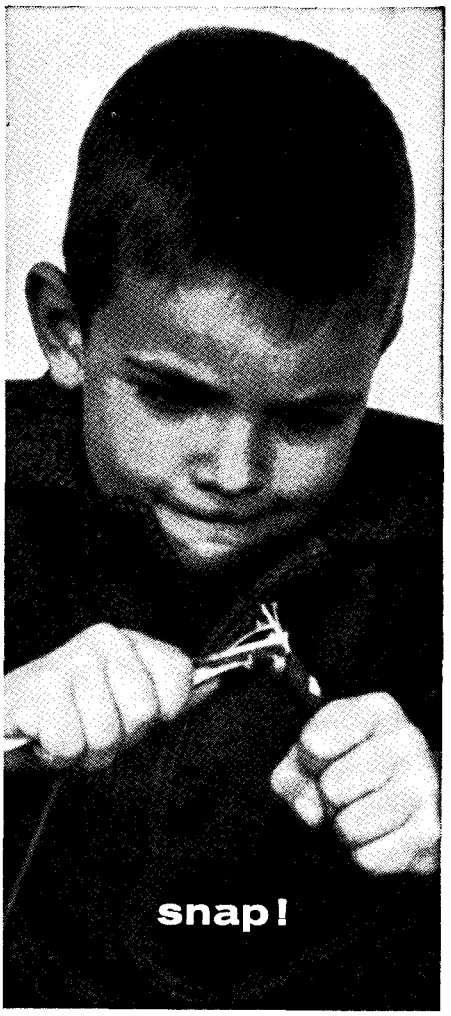
vored (and favorable) legato touch but, probably, some of his earlier habits.

This is the proper moment to mention that there was a time when Richter, a marvelous prima-vista reader, used to neglect the complex technical work demanded by a masterful performance, and perhaps some of his early habits remain with him until now. This does not change the fact that in many more difficult pieces Richter's technique is superb as only it can be. But if today his technique in these works sounds "easy," it didn't come so easily to him who, while already studying Liszt's Sonata, was still not sure that the piano would become his true profession. So Richter, for all his early revealed musical nature, has matured technically somewhat later, and has grown as a virtuoso more slowly than his competitor, Gilels, who in turn (as observed by the Soviet keyboard historian G. Kogan) has grown more slowly as an artist. Perhaps the hard sounds heard many years ago on Richter's records are responsible, in reaction, for his present "soft power." He is one of those few artists who can benefit as much by failures as by successes, and he has gradually perfected his technique to an astonishing degree. His present mechanism is marked by amazing velocity and in chosen instances still further enforced by an equal brilliancy. And when he occasionally blurs some finger passages in an easy section, why do these blurs so rarely annoy us? Because there is that constant big drive behind his technique.

Richter's technical mastery has reached an imposing level. During one of his preliminary visits to Carnegie Hall, Richter was rehearsing expressively a Beethoven episode while talking to one of his friends toward whom he twisted his head. He didn't interrupt his playing or even look at the direction of the keyboard, while his hands automatically continued producing the dramatic music with expression and meaning. If you had closed your eyes, the music would have sounded as if played with utmost concentration. "What did you say?" calmly asked Richter of his friend while the music still continued with exciting eloquency.

On the stage some pianists appear as much at home as an eel in the ocean. Richter is rather like a big, massive, yet versatile ship, which usually keeps balance in *all* waters, whether deep or shallow. But he charts his path with a dignity that rarely deceives him, as if he were aware of carrying an important passenger—the composer. And it is Richter's determination, inventiveness, and capacity to express the music in full terms that carry him safely to his artistic destination.



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Mono: TC 8037

TREASURY OF IMMORTAL MELODIES NO. 2
Dance of The Hours; Hungarian Rhapsody Nos. 1 and 2; Valse Triste; Donna Diana Overture; Adagio from The Moonlight Sonata. *Sonia Anschutz, Piano — Symphony Orchestra conducted by Franz Andre*
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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

CONTRALTO OR MEZZO

IF THE SCORE for "Das Lied von der Erde" was written—as the Recordings Editor says—"for tenor, contralto (or baritone), and orchestra," why does he refer to "the usual alternation of tenor and *mezzo*"?

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Because, Mahler's wishes to the contrary, it is almost invariably sung by mezzos. The true contralto is virtually nonexistent, and those who call themselves such are mostly indulging in wishful thinking.*

QUERY ON CASTAGNA

YOUR LETTERS COLUMN of October 29 made brief mention of "Castagna." I presume that the writer has in mind the excellent contralto of some years ago, Bruna Castagna. I am interested in knowing where Mme. Castagna is living now and whether she is still singing. And I am also wondering whether Columbia will ever reissue on LP some of her recordings, such as the "Samson and Delilah," "Don Carlo," and "Gioconda" arias.

W. HOWARD JOHNSON.

Bay-Saint Louis, Miss.

FOSS AND JAZZ

FORGIVE A JAZZ LOVER for taking exception to your review of the concert played by the improvisation Chamber Ensemble and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last October 11. You state that Mr. Foss and his group improvised "à la jazz." Would that they had! Would that they had attempted to fuse jazz and symphony, the two great idioms of our time, as Gershwin and others have. Instead the Foss group ignored every aspect of the great tradition of jazz improvisation and took it upon themselves to invent a self-styled, non-jazz, modernistic technique of improvisation, reading off cards with numbers and diagrams instead of honest-to-god chords and rhythm patterns. If the squares continue to improvise in Carnegie Hall, I for one will gladly return to the less elegant beatniks at Birdland.

JOSEPH FOOGERT.

Denver, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The expression "à la jazz" referred merely to a generally familiar contemporary practice. Other than that, the elements involved are quite dissimilar.*

PRAISE BE THE BOXES

RCA's ABANDONMENT of the fancy opera boxes of last year deserves some sort of public acknowledgment. The return to albums large enough to hold three or four records and a libretto does much to solve the storage problems created by narrow

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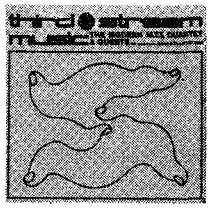

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albums and fancy boxes. Perhaps some of the other companies could begin to issue plainer albums at cheaper prices.

Is the editor aware of any plans of RCA to record the Met's "Wozzeck"?

DOUGLAS R. MCMANIS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *No plans.*

CLEVER, OR NON-CLEVER, GOULD

I READ WITH astonishment the review in the September 24 issue of Glenn Gould's latest recording of Bach. Mr. Kolodin has evidently done some extracurricular applying of the notion of Gould's "eccentricities" to his consideration of the recording. And scant consideration it is, of an intricate performance that the reviewer thinks is sufficiently analyzed after he has characterized it as "clever." There is in that "clever" a patronizing, as well as a distressingly superficial, air—intended or not.

One of the special virtues of Glenn Gould's Bach, the marvelous intellectual clarity with which he reveals the complex contrapuntal structure, has been transformed into a fault; Gould has "converted Bach's writing into instrumental or vocal duets." I can hardly bring myself to give Mr. Gould credit for rewriting Bach; he has "converted" nothing that was not there to "convert" in the first place.

The performance of the finale of the B flat Partita, harpsichord-like or not, scarcely "does something" all that drastic or blasphemous to the music. The indications in the music are that many of the notes should be struck staccato; in addition, the speed at which the Gigue must be played hardly argues for a sustained legato interpretation. As for the slow movement (of *what*, it is not specified; I assume the Italian Concerto), the literary creativeness of the description ("dropping air spaces," "throbbing notes," "unheard ticks") unfortunately does not contribute too much in the way of meaningful analysis.

Gould is no more arbitrary than other great players of Bach, the late Wanda Landowska included. The implication that he has somehow cleverly distorted the music, and is playing Gould rather than Bach is amusing in its certainty.

BEVERLY SCHLACK.

Passaic, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See page 48.*

LERNER AND DANCE

DAVID DACHS, in his Lerner-Loewe story in the Oct. 29 issue, said that Lerner is "no choreographer's delight." Didn't Mr. Lerner overlook some dancing in the first scene outside Covent Garden? I saw the show so long ago I can't be certain.

Anyway, "My Fair Lady" has been kind to its choreographer, Hanya Holm. She was given a 1 per cent royalty for those meager dances and to date has collected $350,000.

JOHN FERRIS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Dachs point is that, in Lerner's view, dancing should be a part of the dramatic exposition.*

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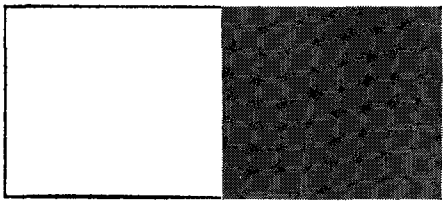

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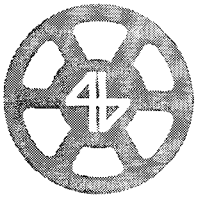

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Ballroom dance, currently popular (not in WNI; comp.).	151 126 165 106 102 15
B. Supplement to a book.	90 174 167 103 50 20 119
C. Anything used to curdle milk.	105 77 61 16 127 55
D. Unreservedly.	143 86 101 71 191 46 83 91
E. Followed by Word G, the platforms from which commuter trains depart.	149 176 201 134 26
F. Mansion occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, in the Dittons, 1529 (2 wds.).	21 159 146 42 5 181 115 172 34 92
G. See Word E.	199 95 9 187 87 80
H. Lads.	158 116 97 14 168 183
I. Continuing after this.	76 136 13 41 130 114 188 156 132 160
J. Famous ancient temple near former capital city in Cambodia (2 wds.).	49 173 85 152 122 56 3 37 31
K. Risked again.	96 57 2 185 190 100 157 53
L. Decapod crustaceans in both fresh and salt water, excellent food.	98 109 150 63 166 18
M. Town, NW France, which had to move two miles inland because of shifting sand, 1779; near Word O.	25 58 66 200 107 36 175 182 120

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Reverse the film on a motion picture reel.	129 180 22 104 111 45
O. One of finest beach resorts in Brittany.	38 161 142 32 1 88 79
P. The "universal solvent" sought by the old alchemists (Paracelsus' word).	51 135 162 43 133 68 28 112
Q. Stinginess; rigidity.	94 169 145 64 78 33 163 113 54
R. Devout order whom we have to thank for preserving the Dead Sea Scrolls.	10 89 197 35 140 131 59
S. Proximity.	52 12 73 195 138 70 124 30
T. Project.	153 144 178 198 193 39 164 62
U. One of the former associated states of French Indochina.	69 19 93 118 154 137 11
V. Ornament of furniture, architecture, etc., consisting of an oval element alternating with a spear-shaped one (3 wds.).	84 170 186 117 192 6 17 60 47 125
W. One of Portia's adjectives to describe the power of mercy.	7 196 155 67 81 29 110 184 82
X. Describing color range from yellowish-red to reddish-yellow.	148 121 48 72 44 23 147 179
Y. Cinnamon stone.	194 24 123 8 40 139 128 27
Z. Permission to act, speak, write, esp. in precedence over others (3 wds.).	108 65 141 171 75 99 189 177 4 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 O	2 K	3 J	4 Z	5 F	6 V		7 W	8 Y	9 G	10 R	11 U	12 S	13 I
14 H		15 A	16 C	17 V		18 L	19 U	20 B	21 F	22 N	23 X	24 Y	25 M		26 E	27 Y	28 P
29 W	30 S	31 J	32 O	33 Q	34 F	35 R		36 M	37 J	38 O	39 T	40 Y	41 I	42 F		43 P	44 X
45 N		46 D	47 V	48 X	49 J	50 B		51 P	52 S	53 K		54 Q	55 C	56 J	57 K	58 M	59 R
	60 V	61 C	62 T		63 L	64 Q	65 Z	66 M	67 W	68 P	69 U	70 S	71 D		72 X	73 S	74 Z
	75 Z	76 I	77 C		78 Q	79 O	80 G	81 W		82 W	83 D	84 V		85 J	86 D	87 G	88 O
89 R		90 B	—	91 D	92 F	93 U	94 Q	95 G	96 K		97 H	98 L	99 Z	100 K		101 D	102 A
103 B	104 N	105 C		106 A	107 M	108 Z	109 L	110 W	111 N	112 P	113 Q		114 I	115 F	116 H	117 V	118 U
	119 B	120 M	121 X	122 J	123 Y	124 S		125 V	126 A	127 C		128 Y	129 N	130 I	131 R		132 I
133 P	134 E		135 P	136 I	137 U	138 S	139 Y	140 R	141 Z		142 O	143 D	144 T	145 Q	146 F	147 X	
148 X	149 E	150 L	151 A	152 J		153 T	154 U		155 W	156 I	157 K	158 H		159 F	160 I	161 O	162 P
163 Q	164 T		165 A	166 L	167 B		168 H	169 Q	170 V	171 Z		172 F	173 J	174 B		175 M	176 E
177 Z		178 T	179 X	180 N		181 F	182 M	183 H	184 W	185 K	186 V	187 G		188 I	189 Z		190 K
191 D	192 V	193 T	194 Y	195 S		196 W	197 R		198 T	199 G	200 M	201 E					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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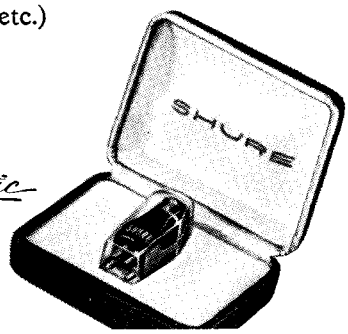

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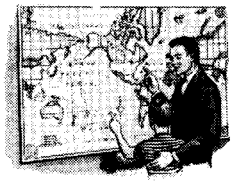

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